The History of the GENTLE-CRAFT.

A *Gentle-Craft* that hath the Art,
To steal soon into a LADIES Heart;
Here you may see wha Youth and Love can do,
The Crown doth stoop to th'Maker of a Shooe

The First Part of the Pleasant and Princely

HISTORY

OF THE

Gentle-Craft.

A Discourse ; containing many matters of delight.

Very Pleasant to Read ;

Shewing ; What Famous Men have been

SHOOE-MAKERS

in time past in this Land ; with their Worthy Deeds and Great Hospitality.

Set forth with Pictures, and Variety of Wit and Mirth.

Declaring the cause why it is called the *Gentle-Craft*;

Also, How the Proverb first grew,

A Shooe-makers Son is a PRINCE Born, T. D.

With gentleness judge you,
At nothing here grudge you,
The merry *SHOOE-MAKERS* delight in good Sport:
What here is presented,
Be therewith contented,
And as you do like it, so give your Report.

HAUD CURO INVIDIAM.

LONDON, Printed by *J. Millet*, for *W. T.* And are to be Sold by *G. Gilbertson*, at the *Sun* and *Bible*, on *London-Bridge*.

The Old SHOO-MAKER's Advice to his Son,

Being the Downfall of ALE-WIVES.

YOung Man, that now art in thy prime, beware of Drunkenneſs,
Thy Father hath miſpent his time in that ſame foul exceſs:
Which made me for to write to thee, the Ale-houſe to refrain,
Becauſe it hath quite ruin'd me, ſpending my time in vain.

A Wall-nut is a pleaſant Fruit, and hath a bitter-skin,
If with the Ale-wife thou diſpute, ſhe'l make thy Purſe but thin:
Thy Money muſt maintain her pride, and buy her Cob-web Lawn,
Whilſt thou for Beer and Ale beſide, doſt lay thy Cloak to pawn.

Good Counſel ſhe will ſeem to give, but if thou ſtay away,
This woman knows not how to live, her trade will ſoon decay:
Thou work'ſt for her both day and night, and all to pay thy Score;
She loves to ſee thee in her ſight, and all to keep thee poor.

She'l make a very Rogue of thee if thou by her be rul'd,
Hadſt thou not better to go free, then be by her thus fool'd?
When thou goeſt home to wig to wag, praiſing thy own good carriage,
Thy Cloaths no better then a rag O this will ſpoyl thy Marriage.

She evermore will thee perſwade never to take a Wife,
For why? ſhe thinks 'twill ſpoyl her trade, and be the cauſe of ſtrife:
If thou be ne'r ſo much in haſte, ſhe'l cauſe thee for to ſtay,
The Cubboard then muſt be uncas'd, tuſh, what will you away?

She'l bring a piece of powder'd beef, or a Virginia-trout,
O ſhe's a very loving thief, ſhe'l find thy money out:
Her Lettice ſhews as thou mayſt ſee, ſhe ſells both Ale and Beer,
But, O beware, be rul'd by me, buy not her Ware ſo dear.

For ſhe will hold ſome folks in talk, both Jeffery, James and John,
Then with a double-forked chalk, ſhe'l ſcore two pots for one:
I'le tell you of a ſtory good, ye Drunkards mend your lives;
If it you rightly underſtood, you'd never love Ale-wives,

Two Drunkards lov'd each other well, and both liv'd in one Houſe,
The thing is true which I will tell, the beſt not worth a Louſe:
One of them dy'd, and left his Cloak and Suit unto the other,
They ſpent their Coyn in drink and ſmoak, and ruined each other.

But

Honour and many Victories do Crown
The Name of *Crispianus* with Renown;
Whilst *Crispine* a new Conqueror doth prove,
And wins at home a Royal Ladies Love.

The Pleaſant Hiſtory of Sir *Hugh*, and firſt of all his Conſtant Love to the fair Virgin *Winifred*.

COnquering and moſt imperious Love having ſeized on the Heart of young Sir Hugh, all his wits were ſet on work how to compaſs the love of the fair Virgin Winifred, whoſe diſdain was the chief cauſe of his care, having received many infinite ſorrows for her ſake. But as a ſtream of Water, being ſtopt, overfloweth the Bank; ſo ſmothered deſire doth burſt out into a great flame of Fire, which made the Male-contented Lover to ſeek ſome means to appeaſe the ſtrife of his contentious thoughts; whereupon he began to encourage himſelf: Tuſh Hugh, let not a few froward words of a Woman diſmay thee, for they love to be entreated, and delight to be wooed, though they would make the World believe otherwiſe, for their denials proceed more of niceneſs than niggardlineſs, refuſing that they would faineſt have. What if ſometime Winifred frown on thee, yet her favour may exceed her frowardneſs. The Sun is ſometimes overcaſt with Clouds, ſo that her brightneſs is not ſeen. In Wars, the ſorer the fight is, the greater is the Glory of the Victory; and the harder a Woman is to be won, the ſweeter is her Love when it is obtained: Wherefore once again I'le try my Fortune, and ſee what ſucceſs my ſuit ſhall find: On this Reſolution Sir Hugh returned to Winifred, greeting her thus:

Now, fair Lady, having ſlept away the remembrance of your ſharp anſwers, I come again in a new conceit to renew an old ſuit, and to ſee if the change of the day will yield a change of dolours. Truly, Sir Hugh (quoth ſhe) if with the change of the day you have changed your Opinion, your dolour will be driven away well enough: but as touching your ſuit, it ſhall be needleſs to repeat it, becauſe I am not willing to prefer it. Stay there (quoth Sir Hugh) I will prefer it; ſo that you will accept it. Now, quoth ſhe, I will accept it if you will prefer it, in ſending it back to the place from whence it is preceed, and I would to God I could ſend you away as ſoon as your ſuit. Why then belike I am not welcome, ſaid Sir Hugh; Yes (quoth ſhe) as welcome to me as a ſtorm

to a distressed Mariner: I muse greatly that reason will not rule you, nor words win you from your wilfulness: if you were as weary to woo, as I am weary to hear you, I am perswaded that long since you would have ceased your vain suit; you think by these perswasions to turn my opinion, but as well you may think that you may quench Fire with Oyl; therefore I pray you, good Sir Hugh, be not so tedious to me, nor troublesome to your self.

Come, come, quoth he, all this will not serve your turn: ponder with thy self Winifred, that thou art fair, O that thou wert as favourable: thy Beauty hath bound me to be thy Servant, and never cease till I see another obtain thee, or my self be possessed of my hearts content: thou art a Kings Daughter and I a Prince's Son: stain not the glory of true Nobility with the foul sin of obstinacy, but be thou as kind as thou art courtly, and gentleas thou art noble, and then shall our strife soon end.

Winifred perceiving that the farther off she was to grant Love, the more eager he was to desire it, thicked him off thus. Sir, although your over-hastiness drive me into the greatest doubtfulness, yet let me entreat you, if you love me, to give me one months respite to consider on this matter, and it may be (that upon my better deliberation) it shall be pleasing unto you, and not at all discontenting me.

Fair love, quoth he, far be it from my heart to deny so kind a request, I am content to stay a month from thy sight, were it two or three, upon condition that thou wouldst then grant me thy good will: three months, although it be very long, yet will it come at last, and I could be content for that time to be dead for thy sake; insomuch, that my life might be renewed by thy love.

Nay, (quoth Winifred) stay three months and stay for ever; by this a Maid may see how ready men are upon a light occasion to take long days, whose loves are like a Fern-bush, soon set on fire and soon consumed; and seeing it is so, in faith Sir Hugh I do mean to try you before I trust you.

Pardon me fair Winifred, said Sir Hugh, if my tongue doth out-strip my wit, in truth I spake but to please thee, though to displease my self: but I pray thee, let it not be three hours, nor three quarters of an hour, if thou wilt.

Nay, nay (quoth she) your first word shall stand; after three months come to me again, and then you shall know my mind to the full, and so good Sir Hugh be gone; but if I do ever hear from thee, or see thee betwixt this time and the time prefixed, I will for ever hereafter blot out thy name out of my book of remembrance, and never yield thee that courtesie, which thou at this time so earnestly entreatest for.

Sir Hugh upon these words departed betwixt hope and dread, much like a man committing a trespass, that stays for the sentence of Life and Death.

O unhappy man (quoth he) how hath my over-slippery tongue lengthned the time of my sorrow? she of her self most courteously requested of me but one Months stay, and I most willingly and undiscreetly added thereto eight weeks more of misery. Much like the hand, that having a knife given him to Pare his nails, did therewith murther himself. Now I could wish that the Sun had Eagles Wings, swiftly to fly through the fair Firmament, and finish six days in one days time. With that he began to count the days and hours that were in three months, falling (in a manner) to a dispair with himself, when he found them so many in number: and therewithal melancholy and sadly, he went to his Fathers House, where his Brother Griffith found by his countenance the perfect Map of a pensive Lover: whereupon he said unto him.

Why, how now Brother? hath fair Winifreds beauty so greatly wounded you, as you cannot speak a merry word to your friend, but sit in a corner as if you were tongueless, like a stock? Tush brother, women are like shadows, for the more a man follows

follows them, the faster they run away; but let a man turn his course, and then they will presently follow him. What man, pluck up a good heart, for there are more women now, than lived in the time of old Father Adam.

O, said Sir Hugh, were there ten thousand times more then there are now, what were that to me if Winifred be unkind? yet is she the Oyl that still maintains the Lamp of my light, and without her there is nothing comfortable to my sight.

Then (replyed Griffith) you are as much troubled in Love as a Goat in an Ague, and as blind as a fly in October, that will stand still while a man cuts off his Head; Come go a Hunting with me, that will drive away your over-fond conceits, and you shall see that these three months will come upon you, as a Quarter-day upon a poor man, that hath never a penny ready towards the payment of his Rent.

CHAP. II.

How beautiful Winifred, being over-much superstitious, forsook her Fathers wealth, and lived poorly by a springing Fountain, from whence no man could get her to go; which Spring to this day is called Winifreds Well.

Winifred, who had but of late years, with her own Father, received the Christian Faith, became so superstitious, that she thought the wealth of the World for ever would have been a heavy burthen for her Soul, and have drawn her mind from the love of her Maker; wherefore forsaking all manner of earthly Pomp, she lived a long time very poorly, hard by the side of a most pleasant springing Well: from which place neither her Friends by entreaty, nor her Foes by violence could bring her: which Sir Hugh hearing, he went thither immediately after unto her, which was the time limited by them both and finding her mind altogether altered, he wished not [illegible] her she meant. And when he approached near unto the place where she sate, suited in simple attire, he saluted her in these words.

All Health to fair Winifred; I trust my dear that now the destinies have yielded a convenient opportunity for me, to finish my long begun suit with the end of my former sorrows. Long and tedious hath the winter of my woes been, which with nipping care hath blasted the beauty of my youthful delight, which is like never again to flourish, except the bright Sun-shine of thy favour do renew the same: therefore fair love remember thy promise made unto me, and put me no more off with pleasing delays.

She (which all this while seriously reading in her Book) lent little ear unto his words:

words, which he perceiving, pluckt her by the Arm, saying: VVherefore answereth not my fair Love, to her dearest perplexed Friend.

VVhat would you have (quoth she) can I never be at quiet for you? is there no corner of content in this world to be found?

Yes Winifred (said he) content dwells here or no where; content me and I will content thee, if my content may be thy content: then read this book, and there rest content, said Winifred: and if thou refusest this, then think not to find content on earth.

Sir Hugh replyed: VVhat is this all the reward I shall have, for obeying your Heart-cutting commands? have I thus long hoped, and find no better hap? you wot well that it is now three long months since these Eyes took comfort of thy Beauty, and since that time my bleeding heart received joy in thy gentleness.

I have forgotten you quite, said she, VVhat three months is that you speak of? for my part I assure you, that it is as far out of my mind, as you are from the Mount of Calbary.

Fair Winifred (said he) have you forgotten me, and therewithal my love, which I so effectually grounded upon your good liking? You told me that now I should receive an answer to my content.

O Sir (quoth she) you have stayed over-long. and your words are in my hearing as unprofitable as Snow in Harvest, my Love is fled to Heaven from whence no earthly man can fetch it; and therefore build not on vain hope, nor do thou deceive thy self by following any unprofitable suit; if ever I love earthly man it shall be thee, insomuch as thou hast deserved an earthly Ladies love; but my love is setled for ever, both in this world and in the world to come, and this I most earnestly intreat thee to take for a final answer.

With that Sir Hugh turning his head aside, wept most bitterly, and in going away he glanced his Eye back again after his Love, saying to himself: O unconstant VVomen, wavering and uncertain, how many sorrows are found men drawn unto by your wilely enticements? who are also swallowed up in the gaping gulph of care, while they listen after the heart-liking sound of your inchanting voices. O Winifred, full little did I think that so hard a heart could have been shrouded under so sweet and loving a countenance; but seeing that my good will is thus unkindly requited, I will altogether abhor the sight of VVomen, and I will seek the world throughout, but I will find some blessed plot where no such kind of corrupt cattle breed.

Herupon all in a hot and hasty humour, he made preparation for to go beyond the Seas, suiting himself after the nature of a mellancholy man, and arriving in France, he took his journey towards Paris, which City (at that time) was well replenished with many goodly fair women, as well as Britain, though to his thinking nothing so lovely; but nevertheless what they wanted in Beauty they had in Bravery; which when Sir Hugh saw, he suddenly departed from that place, counting it the most pernitious place in the whole Country: and from thence he went into Italy, where he found such stately Dames and lovely Ladies, whom Nature had adorned with all perfection of outward Beauty; whose sight put him again in remembrance of his fair Love, which like fresh fuel newly augmented the flames of his burning desire: Oh (said he) how unhappy am I to be haunted by these heart-tormenting fiends, bewitching the Eyes of simple men with Angel-like faces, and like inchanting Circes, bringing them to a Labyrinth of continual woes.

O Winifred, thy peevishness hath bred my dangers, and dore thy self no good at all: Thou sittest weeping by a Chrystal stream, where is no need of water, while I wander up and down, seeking to forget thee; thou never remembrest me, having drawn

the

the Fountain of mine eyes dry, through thy discourteous disdain. Might I never see any of thy Sex, my Heart would be more at quiet: but every place where I come puts me in mind of thy perfections, and therewithal renews my pain: but I will from hence as soon as possible I can, though not so soon as I would, for fear least these sweet Serpents should sting me with delight.

Hereupon he passed on so far, that at length he came to a City scituated in the Sea, and compassed with the wide Ocean. Here (quoth Sir Hugh) is a fit place for melancholy men, where it is supposed that no women do live, insomuch that their delicate bodies cannot endure the salt savour of the mounting waves: if it be so, there will I make my residence, counting it the most blessed place under Heaven: but he was no sooner set on the Land, but he beheld whole troops of lovely Ladies, passing up and down in most sumptuous attire, framing their gestures answerable to their beauties and comely personages.

Nay, now I see (quoth Sir Hugh) that the whole world is infected with these deceiving Syrens, and therefore in vain it is for me to seek for that I shall never find: and therewithal sought for some house wherein he might hide himself from them. But by that time he was at supper, comes a crew of Court-like Dames, richly attired, and with wanton Eyes and pleasing speech, they boldly sate down by him; and perceiving him to be a stranger, they were not strange to allure him to their delight: wherefore while he sate at meat, they yielded him such mirth as their best skill could afford, and stretched their nimble fingers, playing on their sweet sounding Instruments, they sung this ensuing Song, with such clear and quavering voices, as had been sufficient to allure the chast-hearted Xenocrates unto folly: and still as they did sing, Sir Hugh answered in the last line, insomuch as it seemed to be a Dialogue between them: And in this manner following the Women began their Song.

The Curtizens Song of Venice.

Ladies. WElcome to Venice, gentle courteous Knight,
cast off all care, and entertain content,
If any here be gracious in thy sight,
do but request and she shall soon consent.
Loves wings are swift, then be not thou so slow,
Hugh. Oh that fair Winifred would once say so.

Ladies. Within my lap lay down thy comely head,
and let me streak those golden locks of thine,
Look on the tears that for thy sake I shed,
and be thou Lord of any thing that's mine:
One gentle look upon thy love bestow
Hugh. Oh that fair Winifred would once say so.

Ladies. Embrace thy joy thy Lady in thy arms,
and with all pleasures pass to thy delight:
If thou dost think the light will work our harms
come, come to bed, and welcome all the night:
There shalt thou find what lovers ought to know,
Hugh. Oh! that fair Winifred would once say so.

Ladies. Give me those Pearls as pledges of thy love,
and with those Pearls the favour of thy Heart.
Do not from me thy sugred breath remove,

That

That double comfort gives to every part:
Nay stay Sir Knight, from hence thou shalt not go,
Hugh. O that fair Winifred would once say so.

When Sir Hugh had heard this Song, and therewithal noted their wanton gestures, he began to grow suspicious of their proffers, and thinking in himself, that either they sought his Destruction, as the Syrens did to Ulysses; or that they intended to make a prey of his purse, as Lais did of her Lovers: and therefore supposing some Adder to lye lurking under the fair flower of their proferred pleasures, he determined the next morning after (with speed) to depart from the City. So when he had with good discretion accosted their company; while he lay tormented with restless thoughts on his still tossed Bed, began thus to meditate.

Now well I see my own vanity, that is as ill pleased with Womens favours as their frowns: how often have I with heart-sighing sorrow, complained of womens unkindness: making large invectives against their discourtesies? and yet here where I find women as kind as they are fair, and courteous as they are comly; I run into a world of doubts, and am so suspicious of their fair proffers, as I was earnest to win Winifreds favour. It may be (quoth he) that it is the nature of this gentle soyl to breed as kind Creatures, as the Country of Britain breeds coy Dames.

Undoubtedly, had my love first taken life in this kind and courteous Climate, she would have been as kind as they, if I mis-judge not of their gentleness, because I have always been turned to scornfulness, methinks they are too fair to be Harlots, and too bold to be honest: but as they have no cause to hate me that never hurt them, so have they little cause to love me, being a far stranger born; to them a Man altogether unknown, but it may be that this time of the year is only unfortunate for lovers; as it is certainly known unto all men, that every season of the year breeds a sundry commodity; for Roses flourish in June, and Gilliflowers in August, neither of them both doth so in the cold Winter. Such as seek for Fruit on sapless Trees in the month of January, lose their labour as well as their longing: then why should I covet to gather Fruits of love, when I see that love is not yet ripe? now let me observe the season that yields the sweetest comfort to love-sick persons, and so I may reap the joyful fruits of hearts content; I will therefore return to my former love, hoping now to find her as friendly as at my departure she was froward: I will once again entreat her & speak her exceeding fair, for with many drops the hardest stone is pierced, so also with many importunate entreaties a flinty heart may be moved to some remorse. I take no pleasure at all in any place, but only in her presence with which she continually graceth a running stream: far be it from her mind to kiss her own shadow in the Crystal Spring, and to be in love with her own similitude, for so she might be spoyled as Narcissus was; for it is commonly seen that sudden dangers follow fond Opinions.

So with these, and the like thoughts he drove out the night, till the Suns bright Eye began to peep in at his Chamber Window, at which time dressing himself, he went to the water side, where he found a Ship ready to Transport rich Merchandize to the Western Islands, in the which Sir Hugh became a Passanger. But when they were put off to Sea, there arose so suddain a storm, and of a long continuance, that no man looked for life, but expected every moment present death, so that the Mariners quite forsook the Tackle, and the Master the Helm, committing themselves to God, and their Ship to the mercy of the swelling Seas, by whose furious Waves they were sometimes rolled up towards Heaven, anon thrown down to the deep of Hell: in which extremity Sir Hugh made this lamentation.

O unhappy man, how eagerly doth mischance pursue me at my Heels, for betwixt my Love on the Land, and danger of Life on the Sea, it hath made me the wretchedst man breathing on Earth.

Here we may see that miseries have power over men, and not men over miseries: Now must *I* dye far from my Friends, and be drenched in the deep, where my Body must feed the Fishes that swim in the rich bottom of the Sea: therefore fair Winifred, the chief ground of my griefs, here will I sacrifice my last tears unto thee, and pour forth my complaints.

O how happy should I count my self, if those Fishes which shall live on my bodies food might be meat for my love! it grieveth me much to think that my poor bleeding heart, wherein thy Picture is engraven, should be rent in pieces in such grievous sort; but thrice accursed be that Fish that first setteth his nimble teeth thereon, except he swim therewith unto my love, and so deliver it as a present token from me.

Had my troubled Stars allotted me to leave my life in the pleasant valley of Sichnaunt, then no doubt but my love with her fair hands would have closed up my dying Eyes, and perhaps would have rung a peal of sorrowful sighs for my sake.

By this time was the weather-beaten Bark driven by the shore of Scicily, where the men had safety of their lives, although with loss of their Ship, and spoil of their Goods, but they had no sooner shaken off their dropping wet Garments on the Shoar, but that they were assaulted by a sort of Monstrous Men, that had but one Eye a piece, and that placed in the midst of their Foreheads: with whom the Tempest-beaten Souldiers had a fierce Fight, in which many of them were slain, and divers of them fled away to save themselves: so that in the end Sir High was left alone to Fortune in a double fray, and having at last quite overcome his Adversaries, he went his way, and was so far entred into a dark Wilderness, that he could not devise with himself which way he should take to get out, where he was so cruelly affrighted, with the dreadful cry of fierce Lyons and Bears, and wild Bulls, and so many thousands more of other dangerous and cruel ravenous Beasts, which with greedy Mouths ranged about for their prey, in which distress Sir Hugh got him up into a Tree, and being there, brake out into these passions.

O Lord (quoth he) hast thou preserved me from the great peril and danger of the Sea, and delivered me out of the hand of cruel monstrous men, and now sufferest thou me to be devoured of Wild-Beasts? Alas! that my foul Sins should bring so many sundry sorrows on my Head, but for all this may I thank unkind Winifred, whose disdain hath wrought my Destruction. Wo worth the time that ever I beheld her bewitching Beauty. But hereby we may see that the path is clear that leadeth to danger. But why blame I the blameless Lady? Alas! full little did she know of my desperate courses in travel; but such is the fury that haunts frantick lovers, that never fear danger until it fall and light upon their own Heads.

But by that time the day began to appear, he perceived a huge Elephant with stiff ynts walking towards him, and presently after came a fiery tongued Dragon, hich suddenly assaulted this peaceful Elephant, in whose fatal encounter the wrath- l Dragon, with his long wrinkled Tail, did so shackle the hinder feet of the Ele- ant together, that like a Prisoner fast fettered in Irons, he could not stir a foot for life: at which time the furious Dragon never left till he had thrust his slender n, into the Elephants long hooked Nose, out of which he never drew it, until by ing the Elephants Blood, he had made him so feeble and so weak, that he could no longer upon his Feet; at wich time the fainting Elephant, with a grievous fell down dead upon the Dragon; so with the fall of his weighty Body, burst the

Dragon

Dragon in pieces, and so killed him; whereby their bloods being mixed together, it stained all the ground where they both lay, changing the green grass into a rich scarlet colour. This strange fight betwixt these two Beasts, caused good Sir Hugh to judge that Nature had planted between them a deadly hatred, the fire whereof could not be quenched, but by shedding of both their Hearts blood. Now when Sir Hugh saw that grim Death had ended their quarrel, and perceiving no danger near, he came down from the tree, and sought to find out some inhabited Town; but being entangled in the Woods, like the Centaur in his Labyrinth, he could by no means get out, but wandred in unknown passages, leading him to many perils.

At last another Elephant met him, who (according to his kind nature) never left him till he had conducted him out of all danger, and brought him out of the Wilderness, into the way again, whereby Sir Hugh at the length came in sight of a Poor-Town, where in four days after he imbarqued himself in a Ship bound for Britain, and at last obtained the sight of his native Country, where he arrived in safety, though in a very poor sort, coming on Shoar at a place called Harwich, where for want of money he greatly lamented, and made much moan. But meeting with a merry Journey-man Shooe-maker dwelling in that Town, and after some conference had together, they both agreed to travel in the Country; where we will leave them, and speak of Winifred and of her great troubles and Calamities.

CHAP. III.

How fair Winifred was Imprisoned and condemned to dye for her Religion; and how Sir Hugh became a Shoemaker, and afterwards came to suffer Death with his Love; shewing also how the Shoemakers Tools came to be called St. Hugh's Bones; and the Trade of Shoemaking the Gentle-Craft.

A Non after the Doctrine of Christ was made known in Britain, and that the worship of Heathen Idols was forbidden, yet many troubles did the Christians endure by the outrageous Bloody-thirstiness of divers Heathish Tyrants that by the way of invasion set footing in this Land, as it fell out in the days of Diocletian, that very bloody minds persecuted such as would not yield to the Pagan Law, among which the Virgin Winifred was one, who for that she continued constant in the Faith, was long imprisoned. During which time Sir Hugh wrought in a Shoemakers-shop, having learned that Trade through the courteous directions of a kind Journey-man; with whom he remain'd the space of one whole year, in which time he had gotten himself good

parel, and every thing comely and decent. Notwithstanding, though he were now contented to forget his Birth, yet could he not forget the beauty of his Love: who although he had utterly forsaken her, yet could he not alter his affections from her, because indeed affections alter not, like a pale fac'd Coward. The wildest Bull (quoth he) is tamed, being tyed to a Fig-tree; and the coyest Dame (in time) may yield, like Wax. Though Roses have prickles, yet they are gathered; and though VVomen seem froward, yet they will shew themselves kind and friendly. Neither is there any Wax so hard, but by often tempering is made apt to receive an impression. Admit she hath heretofore been cruel, yet now may she be courteous. A true-hearted Lover forgets all trespasses, and a smile cureth the wound of a frown. Thus after the manner of fond Lovers, he flattered himself in his own folly; and in the praise of his fair Lady, he sang this pleasant Ditty here following.

THE Pride of Britain is my Hearts delight,
My *Lady* lives my true love to requite:
And in her love I live, that else were dead,
Like withered *Leaves* in time of Winter shed.

She is the joy and comfort of my mind,
She is the *Sun* that clearest light doth blind,
The fairest flower that in the World doth grow,
Whose whiteness doth surpass the driven snow.

Her gentle words more sweet than Honey are,
Her Eyes for clearness dim the brightest Star:
Oh! were her heart so kind as she is fair,
No *Lady* might with my true love compare.

A thousand griefs for her I have sustained
While her proud thoughts my humble suit disdained,
And tho' she would my Heart with torments kill,
Yet would I honour, serve and love her still.

Blest be the place where she doth like to live,
Blest be the light that doth her comfort give;
And blessed be all Creatures far and near,
That yield Relief unto my Lady dear.

Never may sorrow enter where she is,
Never may she contented comfort miss,
Never may she my proffered love forsake:
But my good will in thankful sort to take.

Thus feeding his fancy with the sweet remembrance of her Beauty, being never satisfied with thinking and speaking to her praise, at length he resolved himself to go into Lincolnshire, where he might solicite his suit anew again, but coming near to the place of her residence, and hearing report of her troubles, he so highly commended her Faith and Constancy, that at length he was clapt up in Prison by her, and in the end he was Condemned

ed to receive equal torment for a tryal of his own truth.

But during the time that they lay both in Prison, the Journey-men Shoomakers never left him, but yielded him great relief continually, so that he wanted nothing that was necessary for him: In requital of which kindness, he called them Gentlemen of the Gentle-Craft; and a few days before his Death, he made this SONG in their due commendations.

OF Craft and Crafts-men more or less, the Gentle-Craft I must commend,
Whose deeds declare their faithfulness, and hearty Love unto their Friend.
The Gentle-Craft in midst of strife,
Yields comfort to a careful Life.

A Prince by Birth I am indeed, the which for Love forsook this Land,
And when I was in extream need, I took the Gentle-Craft in hand.
And by the Gentle-Craft alone
Long time I liv'd, being still unknown.

Spending my days in sweet content, with many a pleasant sugred Song,
Sitting with pleasures complement, whilst we recorded lovers wrong:
And while the Gentle-Craft we us'd,
True love by us was not abus'd.

Our Shooes we sowed with merry notes, and by our mirth expell'd all moan,
Like Nightingales, from whose sweet throats most pleasant Tunes are nightly blown:
The Gentle-Craft is fittest then,
For poor distressed Gentlemen.

Their minds do mount in courtesie, and they disdain a niggards Feast,
Their Bodies are for Chivalry, all Cowardize they do detest:
For Sword and Shield, for Bow and Shaft,
No man can stain the Gentle-Craft.

Yea, sundry Princes sore distrest shall seek for succor by this Trade,
Where by their griefs shall be redrest, of Foes they shall not be afraid:
And many men of Fame likewise,
Shall from this Gentle-Craft arise.

If we want money over-night, e're next day noon God will it send,
Thus we may keep our selves upright, and be no churls unto our Friend:
Thus do we live where pleasure springs,
In our conceit like petty Kings.

Our Hearts with care we may not kill, Mans Life surpasseth worldly Wealth,
Content surpasseth Riches still, and fie on Knaves that live by stealth:
This Trade therefore both great and small,
The Gentle-Craft shall ever call.

When the Journey-men Shoomakers had heard this Song, and the fair title that Sir Hugh had given their Trade; they engraved the same so deeply in their minds, that

that to this day it could never be razed out: like a Remembrance in a Marble-stone, which continueth time out of mind.

But not long after came the doleful day wherein these two Lovers must lose their Lives, who like two meek Lambs were led to the slaughter; the bloody performance thereof was to be done hard by that fair Fountain, where the Love-despising Lady made her most abode: and because she was a Kings Daughter, the bloody Tyrant gave her the priviledge to chuse her own Death: to the which she passed with as good a countenance, as if she had been a fair young Bride prepared for Marriage.

(Viz.) When they were come to the place of Execution, and mounted on the Scaffold, they seemed for Beauty like two bright Stars, Castor and Pollux; there they imbraced each other with such chast desire, as all those that beheld them, admired to see how stedfast and firm both these Lovers were, ready in Hearts and Minds to Heaven it self.

At what time the Lady turned her self to Sir Hugh, and spake to this effect: Now I find thee a perfect lover indeed, that having setled thy affections above the Skies, art ready to yield thy life for thy Love, who in requital thereof will give thee thy life for ever.

The Love of Earthly Creatures is mixed with many miseries, and interlaced with sundry sorrows; and here grief shall abate the pleasures of Love, but be well assured that you shall follow the same.

Thou didst wooe me for love, and now I have won thee to love, where setling both our selves upon Gods love, we will love one another; and in token of that Heavenly love, receive of me, I pray thee, a chast and loving Kiss from my dying lips.

Fair Winifred (quoth he) it is true indeed, I never loved truly till thou taughtest me to love, for then my love was full of discontent, but now altogether pleasing, and more sweet to the thought thereof than any one can express.

The thing that I before ever called love, was but a shadow of love; a sweetness tempered with gall, a dying life, and a living death; where the Heart was continually tost upon the Seas of tempestuous sorrows, and wherein the mind had no calm quietness; and therefore blessed be the time that I ever learned this love. With that he was interrupted by the Tyrant, who said, You are not come hither to talk, but to dye; I have sworn you shall both dye this Instant. Thou Tyrant (said Sir Hugh) the very like Sentence is pronounced against thy self; for Nature hath doomed that thou shalt dye likewise, and albeit the Executioners thereof be something deferred, yet at length it will come, and that shortly, for never did Tyrant carry gray Hairs to the Grave.

The young Lady desired first to dye, saying to Sir Hugh, Come dear Friend, and learn magnanimity of a Maid; now shalt thou see a silly woman scorn Death at his teeth, and make as small account of his Cruelty, as the Tyrant doth of our lives; and therewithal despight her fellow Sisters, and committed her Alablaster Arms into the Executioner's foul hands, having made her choise to dye bleeding; at what time being pricked in her heat, the scarlet blood sprang out in plentiful sort, much like a precious Fountain lately fill'd with Claret Wine.

And while she thus bled, she said, Here do I sacrifice my blood to him that bought me, who by his blood washt away all my sins; O my sweet Saviour, thus were thy sides pierced for my transgressions, and in this sort sprang thy precious blood from thee, all for the love thou beareſt to Mankind: I feel my Heart to faint, but my Soul receiveth strength; I come sweet Christ, I come. And therewithal her Body fainting and the blood failing, like a Conduit drawn dry, the young Princess fell down

dead, at what time a pale colour over-spread her fair face in such comely sort, as if a heap of Roses had been shadowed with a sheet of pure Lawn.

But it is to be remembred, that all the while the young Princess bleed, her blood was received into certain Basons, which being in that sort saved together, the Tyrant caused it to be tempered with poyson, and prepared it to be the last drink that Sir Hugh should have: saying, That by her love whom he so dearly loved, he should receive his Death. And thereupon incontinently, without any further delay of time he caused a Cup of the most deadly poysoned blood, to be delivered into his hands, who with a lovely and chearful countenance received the same, and then uttered his mind in this manner.

O thou cruel Tyrant (quoth he) what a poor spight is this to inflict upon a dying Man, that is as careless how he dyes as when he dyes: easie it is for thee to glut me with blood, although with blood thou art not satisfied. Sweet blood (quoth he) precious and pure, how fair a colour dost thou cast before mine Eyes? sweet I say, wast thou before such time as this ill-savouring poyson did infect thee; and yet as thou art I nothing despise thee: O my dear Winifred, full little did I think that ever I should come to drink of thy dear Hearts blood.

My greedy eye, that Glutton-like did feed upon thy beauty, and yet, like the Sea, was never satisfied, is now with gore-blood fully gorged. Now may I quench my thirsty desire with love, that like hot burning coals set my Heart in such an extream heat, that it could not be quenched before this time; for if fair Winifred could spare any love from Heaven, assuredly she left it in her blood, her sweet heart blood I mean that nourished her chast life: see here is a Caudle to cool my vain affections; far be it that any true lovers should ever taste the like.

But this punishment hath the just Heavens poured upon me for the preferring the love of an Earthly creature before the love of an Heavenly Creator; pardon O Lord, the foul sins of superstitious Lovers, that while they make Idols of their Ladies, they forget the honour of thy divine Majesty. Yet doth it do my heart good to think that I must bury sweet Winifreds blood in my body, whose love was lodged long ago in my heart: and therewithal drinking the first draught, he said: O Lord, me seemeth this portion hath a comfortable taste, far doth it surpass the Nectar wherewith the Gods were nourished.

Well (said the Tyrant) seeing it pleaseth thee so well, thou shalt have more; And therewithal another Cup of the same blood was given him to drink.

Yea; come (quoth he) my thirst is not yet quenched, for the first draught gave me but a taste of sweetness, and like a longing woman I desire the rest: and with that he drank the second draught. The third being given him, he took the Cup in his hand, and looking about, he said; Lo here I drink to all the kind Yeomen of the Gentle-Craft.

I drink to you all (quoth he) but I cannot spare you one drop to pledge me. Had I any good thing to give you, you should soon receive it; but my Life the Tyrant doth take, and my Flesh is bequeathed to the Fowls. So that nothing is left but only my Bones to pleasure you withal, and those if they will do you any good take them; and so humbly take my leave, bidding you all farewel.

There with the last Draught he finished his Life; whose dead Carcass was hanged up, where the Fowls devoured his Flesh; and the young Princess was contemptuously buried by the Well, where she had so long lived. Then had he the Title of Saint Hugh given him, and she of Saint Winifred; by which terms they are both so called to this day.

CHAP. IV.

How the Shoe-makers stole away St. Hugh's Bones, and made them working Tool thereof, and the vertue they found in the same: whereby it came, that when any man saw a Shoemaker travelling with a pack at his back, they would presently say, There goes St. Hughs Bones.

UPon a time it chanced that a company of Journey-men Shoe-makers passed along by the place where St. Hughs dead body was hanged, and finding the flesh picht clean off from the bones, they entred thus into communication amongst themselves.

Never was St. Hugh so bare (quoth one) to carry never a whit of skin upon his bones; nor thou never so bare (saith another) to bear never a penny in thy Purse.

But now hearing you talk of St. Hugh, it brings me to remembrance of his Legacy that he gave us at his Death: What was that, said the rest? *Marry* (quoth he) I will tell you: when the gentle Prince saw that the cruelty of the time would not suffer him to be liberal to his Friends, but that his life was taken away by one, and his flesh given to others, he most kindly bequeathed his bones to us.

Tush (quoth another) that was but to shew his mind towards the Shoemakers because he had received of them so many favours; for alas! what can the dead mans bones pleasure the living? No (quoth another) I can tell you, there may be as great vertue found in his bones as in the brains of a Weasil, or the tongue of a Frog: Much like (answered the rest) but I pray thee shew us what vertue is in those things you speak of. Quoth he, I will tell you; the brains of a Weasil hath this power, *experientia docet*, that if the powder thereof be mingled with Runnet, wherewith women make their Cheese, no Mouse dares touch it: In like manner, the Tongue of a Water-Frog hath such great force in it, that if it be laid upon the breast of any one sleeping it will cause them to tell whatsoever you shall demand; for by that means Dick Piper knew he was a Cuckold. Again, *I* know that those that are Travellers, are not ignorant that whosoever puts but six leaves of Mugwort in his Shoes, shall never be weary, though he travel thirty or forty *Miles* on foot a forenoon. That indeed may be true, quoth one, for by the very same Herb my last Dame kept her Ale from sowring: and it is said, that where Housleek is planted, the place shall never be hurt with thunder: Pimpernel is good against Witchcraft: and because my Sister Joan carryed always some about her, *Mother* Bumby could not abide her: therefore what vertue a dead mans bones may have, we know not till we have tryed them.

Why,

Why then, said the third man, let us soon at night steal St. Hugh's bones away, and albeit the Tyrant will be displeased, yet it is no theft; for you say they were given us, and therefore we may the bolder take them, and because we will turn them to profit and avoid suspition, we will make divers of our tools with them, and then if any virtue doth follow them, the better we shall find it.

To this motion every one gave his consent, so that the same night St. Hughs Bones were taken down, and the same being brought before a sort of Shoomakers, there they gave their opinion, That it was necessary to fulfil the Will of the dead, and to take those Bones as in good part, as if they were worth ten thousand pounds; whereupon one stept out and thus did say:

MY Friends I pray you list to me,
And mark what *St.* Hugh's Bones shall be.

FIrst a Drawer and a Dresser,
Two Wedges, a more and a lesser:
A pretty block three Inches high,
In fashion squared like a Dye,
Which shall be called by proper name,
A Heel-block the very same:
A Hand-leather, and a Thumb-leather likewise,
To pull out Shoo-thred we must devise;
The Needle and the Thimble shall not be left alone,
The Pincers, the Pricking-*Awl*, and Rubbing-stone;
The Awl, Steel and Tacks, the sowing-Hares beside,
The stirrop holding fast, while we sow the Cow-Hide.
The Whet-stone, the stopping-Stick, and the Paring-Knife,
All this doth belong to a Journey-mans life:
Our Apron is the *Shrine* to wrap these bones in.
Thus shroud we St. Hugh's bones in a gentle Lambs-skin.

Now all you good Yeomen of the Gentle-Craft, tell me now (quoth he) how like you this.

As well (replyed they) as St. George doth of his Horse; for as long as we can see him fight with the Dragon, we will never part with this Posie.

And it shall be concluded, that what Journey-man soever he be hereafter, that cannot handle his Sword nor Buckler, his long Sword or Quarter-staff, sound the *Trumpet*, or play upon the Flute, and bear his part in a three man-Song, and readily reckon up his *Tools* in Rhime (except he have born Colours in the Field, being a *Lieutenant*, a Serjeant, or Corporal,) shall forfeit and pay a Bottle of Wine, or be counted for a Colt; to which they answered all, Viva voce, Content, content: and then after many merry Songs, they departed. And never after did they travel without these Tools on their backs: which ever since was called St. Hugh's Bones.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

How Chriſpianus and his Brother Criſpine, the two Sons of the King of Logria, (through the cruelty of the *Tyrant* Mariminus) were fain in diſguiſed manner to ſeek for their lives ſafety, and how they were entertained by a Shoomaker in Feversham.

When the Roman Maximinus ſought in cruel ſort to bereave this Land of all her Noble Youth, or Youth of Noble Blood: the Virtuous Queen of Logria (which now is called Kent) dwelling in the City Durovenum, alias Canterbury, or the Court of Kentiſh-Men, having at that time two young Sons, ſought all the means ſhe could poſſible to keep them out of the Tyrants Claw: and in this manner ſhe ſpake unto them.

My dear and beloved *Sons*, the joy and comfort of my age, you ſee the dangers of theſe times, and the ſtorms of a *Tyrants* Reign; who having now gathered together the moſt part of the young Nobility, to make them ſlaves in a Forreign *Land*, that are *Free*-born in their own Country, ſeeking for you alſo, thereby to make a clear riddance of all our born Princes, to the end he might plant ſtrangers in their ſtead: Therefore (my ſweet Sons) take the counſel of your *Mother*, and ſeek in time to prevent enſuing danger, which will come upon us as ſuddenly as a ſtorm at Sea, and as cruelly as a *Tyger* in the Wilderneſs, therefore ſuiting your ſelves in honeſt habits, ſeek ſome poor Service to ſhield you from miſchance, ſeeing neceſsity hath priviledged thoſe places from *Tyranny*. And ſo (my *Sons*) the gracious Heavens may one day raiſe you to deſerved dignity and honour.

The young Lads, ſeeing that their Mother was ſo earneſt to have them gone, fulfilled her Commandment, and caſting off their attire, put homely Garments on, and with many bitter Tears took leave of the Queen their Mother, deſiring her before they went to beſtow her bleſſing upon them.

O my *Sons* (quoth ſhe) ſtand you now upon your Ceremonies? had I leaſure to give you one kiſs it were ſomething, the *Lord* bleſs you, get you gone; away, away, make haſt I ſay, let not ſwift time over-ſlip you, for the *Tyrant* is hard by: with that ſhe puſhed them out of a back door, and then ſets her ſelf down to weep.

The two young Princes, which like pretty Lambs were ſtraying they knew not whither, at length by good Fortune came to Feverſham, where before the day peep they heard certain Shoomakers ſinging, being as pleaſant at their Notes, as they ſate at their buſineſs: and this was their Song.

Would

WOuld God that it were Holiday,
hey derry down, down derry;
That with my love I might go play,
with woe my heart is weary;
My whole delight is in her sight,
would God I had her company,
her company,
hey derry down, down a down.

My love is fine, my love is fair,
hey derry down, down derry,
No Maid can well with her compare,
in Kent or Canterbury:
From me my love shall never move,
would God I had her company, &c.

To see her laugh, to see her smile,
hey derry down, down derry;
Doth all my sorrows clean beguile,
and makes my heart full merry:
No grief doth grow, where she doth go,
would God I had her company, &c.

When I do meet her on the Green,
hey derry down, down derry,
Methinks she looks like beauties Queen,
which makes my heart full merry:
Then I her greet with kisses sweet,
would God I had her company, &c.

My love comes not of churlish kind,
hey derry down, down derry;
But bears a loving courteous mind,
which makes my Heart full merry;
She is not coy, she is my joy,
would God I had her company, &c.

Till Sunday come, farewell my dear,
hey derry down, down derry;
When we do meet we'l have good chear,
and then I will be merry:
If thou love me, I will love thee,
and still delight in thy company,
thy company,
Hey derry down, down a down.

The young Princes perceiving so much mirth to remain in so homely a Cottage, judged by their pleasant Notes, that their Hearts were not cloyed with overmuch cares: and therefore wished it might be their good hap to be harboured in a place of such great content.

But standing a long time in doubt what to do, like two distressed strangers, combating betwixt hope and fear, at length taking courage, Crispianus knocked at the door: What Knave knocks there (quoth one of the Journeymen) and by and by he takes his Quarter-staff, and opens the door, being as ready to strike as to speak: saying, What lack you? To whom Crispianus made this answer: Good Sir, Pardon our boldness, and measure not our truth by our rudeness, we are two poor boys that want a Service, stript from our Friends by the fury of these wars, and therefore are we enforced succourless to crave Service in any place: What, have you no Friends or acquaintance in these parts to go to (said the Shoomaker) by whose means you might get preferment? alas Sir, (said Crispianus) necessity is despised of every one, and misery is trodden down of many, but seldom or never reliev'd; yet notwithstanding, if our hope did not yield us some comfort of good hap, we should grow desperate through distress. That were great pity (said the Shoomaker) be content, for as our Dame tells our Master, a patient man is better than a strong man: stay a while and I will call our Dame to the door, and then you shall hear what she will say. With that he went in, and forth came his Dame, who beholding the said youths, said: Now alas poor boys, how comes it to pass that you are out of Service? what would you be Shoe-makers and learn the Gentle-Craft? yes forsooth (said they) with all our Hearts. Now by my troth (quoth she) you do look with honest true faces, I will entreat my Husband for you, for we would gladly have good boys; and if you will be just and true, and serve God, no doubt but you may do well enough; come in my Lads, come in. Crispianus and his Brother with great reverence gave her thanks; and by that time they had staved a little while, down came the good man, and his wife hard by his heels, saying: See Husband, these be the youths I told you of, no doubt but in time they will be good men.

her Husband looking very wishly upon them, and conceiving a good opinion of their labours, at length agreed that they should dwell with him, so that they would be bound for seven years. The youths being contented the bargain was soon ended, and so set to their business; whereat they were no sooner setled, but that great search was made for them in all places; and albeit the Officers came to the house where they dwelt, by reason of their disguise, they knew them not, having also taken upon them borrowed names of Crispianus and Crispine. Within a few days after the Queen their Mother was by the Tyrant taken, and for that she would not confess where her Sons were, she was laid in Prison in Colchester Castle, whereunto she went with as chearful a countenance, as Caterarius did, when he was led Captive to Rome: coming by the place where her Sons late at work, with a quick Eye she had soon espyed them: and look how a dying Coal revives in the wind, even so at this sight she became suddenly red; but making signs that they should hold their tongues, she was led along: whom seven years after her Sons did never see. But as men stand amazed at the sight of Apparitions in the Air, as ignorant of what success shall follow, even so were these two Princes agast to see their own Mother thus led away, not knowing what danger should ensue thereof.

Notwithstanding they thought good to keep their Service, as their likes surest refuge: at what time they both bent their whole minds to please their Master and Dame, refusing nothing that was put them to do; were it to wash dishes, scour Kettles, or any other thing, whereby they thought their Dames favour might be gotten, which made her the readier to give them a good report to their Master, and to do them any other service, which otherwise they should have missed; following therein the admonition of an old Journeyman, who would always say to the Apprentices:

Howsoever things do frame,
Please well thy *Master*, but chiefly thy Dame.

Now by that time these two young Princes had truly served their Master the space of four or five years, he was grown somewhat wealthy, and they very cunning in their their Trade, whereby the house had the name to breed the best workmen in the Country, which report in the end, preferred their Master to be the Emperors Shoomaker: and by this means his servants went to Maximinus Court every day, but Crispianus and Crispine fearing they should be known, kept themselves from thence as much as they could: Notwithstand, at the last, perswading themselves that time had worn them out of knowledge, they were willing in the end to go thither, as well to hear tidings of the Queen their Mother; as also to seek their own preferment.

CHAP. VI.

How the Emperors fair Daughter Ursula, fell in Love with young Crispine, coming with Shooes to the Court, and how in the end they were secretly married by a blind Fryer.

NOw among all the Shoomakers men that came to the Court with Shooes, young Crispine was had in greatest esteem with the fair Princess, whose Mother being lately dead, she was the only joy of her Father; who always sought means to match her with some Worthy Roman, whose renown might ring throughout the whole World.

But fair Ursula, whose bright Eyes had entangled her Heart with desire of the Shooemakers favour, despised all proffers of love in regard of him. And yet notwithstanding she would oft check her opinion, in placing her love upon a person of such low degree: thus reasoning with her self.

Most aptly is the God of Love by cunning Painters drawn Blind: that so unequally shoots forth his fiery shafts; for had he Eyes to see, it were impossible to deal in such sort as in matching Venus with foul Vulcan, yoking the Emperial hearts of Kings to the love of Beggars, as he did to Cosetua, and as now in my self: I find how mad a thing it would seem to the Eyes of the World, that an Emperors Daughter should delight in the favour of a simple Shooemaker.

O Ursual, take heed what thou dost, stain not thy Royalty with such indignity. O that Crispine's Birth were agreeable to his Person! for in mine Eye there is no Prince in the World comparable to him: if then while he is cloathed with these rags of servitude, he appaers so excellent, what would he be, were he in Princely attire? O Crispine! either thou art not as thou seemest, or else Nature, in disgrace of Kings, hath made thee a Shooemaker.

In these humours would the Princess be often, especially at Crispine's approach, or at his departure. For as soon as ever he came within her sight with Shoes, a sudden blush, like a flash of Lightning, would strike in her Face, and at his departure an earthly pale colour, like the beams of the bright Sun, obscured by coal-black Clouds. But after many weary conflicts with fancy, she fully resolved at his next coming, to enter into communication with him; but imagining his stay from the Court over-long, on the suddain she sent presently for him, finding great fault with the last Shoes he brought her; at which time Crispine most humbly on his Knee greatly craved pardon for all such faults as she then found, promising amendment in the next Shoes she would have.

Nay (quoth she) I'le shew thee, they are too low something in the instep; also the heel is bad, and beside they are too straight in the Toes: You shall have a pair made (said he) shall fit you better, for none shall set a stitch in them but mine own self: Do (said the Princess) but let me have them as soon as thou canst. And therewithal Crispine departed.

The Princess then all solitary, got her self into her Chamber, entred there in consideration; and found within her self great trouble and sorrow, while the A (the hearts Advocate) was not suffered to speak. At last she heard Crispine's to

quiring of the Ladies in the great Chamber for the Princess; who answered, That having taken little rest the night before, she was now laid down to sleep, and therefore they willed him to come again some other time: Asleep (said the Princess) *I* am not asleep, bid him stay: what hasty Housewife was that which sent him hence? call him again quickly I would advise you. And therefore changing melancholly into Mirth, she arose up out of her Bed, and as a bright Star shooting in the Element, she quickly got her forth to meet the Shoomaker whose fair sight was to her as great a comfort as a Sunshine before a Shower of Rain. How now (quoth she) hast thou brought me a pair of Shooes? I have gracious *Madam* (quoth he.) *Then* (quoth the Princess) come thy self and draw them on. Therewith she sitting down, lifted up her well-proportioned Legg upon his gentle Knee; where by that time her Shooes were drawn on, she had prepared a good Reward for her Shoomaker: and giving him a handful of Gold, she said: *Thou* hast so well pleased me in making these Shooes, that I cannot but reward thee in some good sort; therefore Shoemaker take this, and from henceforth let no Man make my Shooes but thy self. But tell me Crispine, art thou not in love, that thou dost smug up thy self so finely? thou wast not wont to go so neatly; I pray thee tell me what pritty Wench it is that is *Mistriss* of thy Heart? truly fair Madam (quoth he) if I should not love, I might be accounted barbarous; for by Natures course, there is a mutual love in all things: the Dove and the Peacock love entirely; so doth the *Turtle* and the Popinjay; the like affection the *Fish* Musculus beareth to the Whale, insomuch that he leadeth him from all danger of stony Rocks. And as amongst Birds and Fishes, so amongst Plants and *Trees*, the like concord is to be found: for if the Male of Palm-*Trees* be planted from the Female, neither of both prosper: and being set one near another, they flourish accordingly, imbracing with joy the branches of one another. And for mine own part, *I* am in love too: for first of all *I* love my Maker, and next my good *Master* and Dame; but as concerning the love of pritty Wenches, verily Madam *I* am clear, and the rather do *I* abstain from fixing my fancy on woman, seeing so many sorrows follow the married sort; for a Dram of delight hath a pound of pain.

That is (answered the Princess) where contention setteth the House on Fire, but where true love remains there is no discontent; and what can a man more desire for this worlds comfort, but a virtuous Wife, which is reported to be a treasure inestimable. *Therefore* Crispine, say thy mind, if I prefer thee to a Wife, every way deserving of thy love, wouldst thou take it well?

Truly *Madam* (said Crispine) If I should not accept of your good will, I should shew my self more unmannerly than well nurtured. But seeing it pleaseth you to grace me with your princely countenance, and to give me liberty to speak my mind, this is my Opinion: if I were to chuse a Wife, then would I have one Fair, Rich and Wise: *First*, to delight mine Eye; secondly, to supply my wants; and thirdly, to govern my House.

Then (said the Princess) her beauty will I refer unto the judgment of thine own Eyes; and her wisdom to the tryal of time; but as concerning her portion, I dare make some report, because it well deserveth to be praised; for at her marriage thou shalt have a bag of rare virtues with her: truly Madam (quoth Crispine) such Coyn go not currant among Tanners; and I know if I should go with it to the market, it would buy me no Sole-Leather. Notwithstanding when I do see her, I will tell you more of my mind.

The Princess taking him aside, privately walking with him in a fair Gallery, said: In looking upon me thou mayst judge of her, for she is as like me as may be. When

Crispine heard her say so, he right prudently answered, I had rather *Madam* she were your own self, than like your self: and although my words savour of presumption, yet with your favour, I dare boldly pronounce it, that I hold my self worthy of a Queen, if I could get her good will; and were it no danger to match with your Excellency, so it should please you, it should not dislike me.

Then said the Princess, Now Shoomaker I see thou hast some courage in thee; and doubt thou not, but if I were of that mind, I would be as ready to guide thee from the dangerous Rocks of my Fathers wrath, as the fish called *Musculus* is for the Whale. But could thou be contended to dye for a Ladies love? No, *Madam* (quoth he) if I could keep her love and live.

Then live fair Friend (answered she) enjoy my love, for I will rather dye than live without thee. Crispine hearing this, was stricken into an extasie of joy, in such sort as he wist not whether he was asleep or dreamed: But by that time he had summoned his Wits together, with the plighting his Faith, he opened his Estate and High Birth unto her, shewing all the extremities that he and his Brother had been put unto since the Death of their Royal Father, and of the Imprisonment of the Queen their Mother.

The which when fair Ursula with great wonder heard, giving an earnest of her Love with a sweet Kiss, she said: My dear Love, and most gentle Prince, ever did I think that more than a common man was shrouded in these poor Habilements, which made me the bolder to impart my mind unto thee; and now dread no more my Fathers wrath, for the fire thereof was long ago quenched.

No, no, (quoth Crispine) an Eagles thirst is never expelled by blood. And albeit your Father hath now (perhaps) qualified the heat of his fury by the length of time, yet if he should understand of this my love to thee, it would cause him to take out of the ashes hot burning coals of displeasure again, and then might my life pay a dear price for thy love.

Therefore (my dear Ursula) I desire thee, even by the power of that love thou beareſt to me, to keep secret what I have shewed to thee, nothing doubting but that in time I may find release of these miseries; in the mean space we will be secretly *Married*, by which holy Knot we (as well in Body as in Heart) may be unseparably tyed together.

To this Ursula consented most gladly; and thereupon told him that she would meet him in her Fathers Park at any hour he would appoint. Which she might do the more easily, in respect she had a Key to one of the Garden Doors, which gave present passage into the Park. The day and hour being concluded upon, they parted for this time, both of them endued with such content, as in all their lives they never found the like.

And at this time there was in Canterbury a blind Fryar, that in many years had never seen the Sun, to this man did Crispine go, thinking him the fittest Chaplain to chop up such a Marriage: who meeting with him at Christ-Church one evening after the Anthem, broke with him after this manner.

God speed you good Father: there is a certain friend of mine that would be secretly married in the morning betimes; for which purpose he thinks you the fit'st man to perform it in all the Cloyster; and therefore if you will be diligent to do it, and secret to conceal it, you shall have four Angels for your pains.

The Fryer being fired with the desire of his Gold, rubbing his Elbow and scratching his Crown, swore by the blessed book that hung by his Knee, that he would be both willing and constant to keep it secret. Tush young man, you may trust me, I have done

many

many of these feats in my days; I know that youth are youth, but they would not have all the world wonder at their doings. And where shall it be, said the Fryer? Quoth Crispine, at St. Gregories Chappel: and because you shall not make your boy acquainted therewith, I my self will call you in the morning. Good Father be not forgetful to observe the time, at two of the Clock is the hour, and therefore look you be ready when I call you. I warrant you (replyed the Fryer.) and because I will not oversleep my self, I will for this night lye in my cloaths; so that as soon as ever you call, I will streight be ready. Then Father I will trust to you (quoth Crispine) and so departed.

When he came to his Master he made not many words, but so soon as he had supt on Sunday at night, he went to his Chamber, and laid him down upon his bed, making no creature in the house privy to his intent, nor his own Brother; his mind still running on his fair Mistris, and the happy hour that will tye them both in one: never was there hunger-starved man that did long more for the sweet approach of wholesome food, than did Crispine for two a Clock. And so soon as the silent night had drawn all things to rest, Crispine got him up, and to Canterbury goes he to meet his Rose-cheeked Lady in her Fathers Park, who also took hold of times forelock, and like clear Cynthia shaped her course to seek out Sol in the Meridian: But so soon as her searching eye had espyed him, she commended his vigilancy, saying: He well observed his hour: O my dear (quoth he) rich Pearls do make true men Thieves: But finding thee here so happily, I will fetch the Fryer streight. He had no sooner called at the Fryers door, but he presently heard him, and groping the way down, he opined the door, and along they went together: but the Fryer finding his journey longer than he expected, said: that either St. Gregories Chappel was removed, or else he was not so good a Footman as he was wont to be: That is likely enough (said Crispine) for how much the older you are since you went this way last, so much the weaker you are to travel; but be you content now, we are at the last come to the place, and therefore good Fryer make what speed you may: I warrant you (quoth he) and therewithal he puts his Spectacles upon his Nose. The fair Princess seeing that laughed heartily saying; little need hath a blind man of a pair of Spectacles. Truly Mistris (said he) as little need hath an old Man of a young Wife; but you may see what use is: Though I be blind and cannot see a letter, yet I cannot say Mass without my Book and Spectacles. And then he proceeded to solemnize their Marriage; which being finished, the Fryer had his Gold, and home he was led: In the mean time the Princess stayed still in the Park for her Bridegroom; where, when he came, on a bank of sweet Primroses he pluckt the Rose of amorous delight: and after the Princess came to her Fathers Palace, and Crispine to his Masters Shop.

CHAP. VII.

How Crispianus was prest to the Wars, and how he fought with Iphicratis the renowned General of the Persians, who made War upon the French-men; shewing also the occasion, that a Shoomakers Son is said to be a Prince born.

IN the mean time that Crispine was secretly busied about his Marriage, his Brother Crispianus the same night with many others, was prest to Wars into the Country of Gauls, now called France; which made his Master and Dame full of woe, who had committed to his Government the whole rule of his house. And when Crispine came home, they told him what chance had happed, and demanded where he had been: they said they were glad he had so well escaped.

Crispine

Chriſpine excuſing himſelf as well as he could, ſaid: He was ſorry for his Brother's ſudden departure. Notwithſtanding, the joy of his late Marriage mitigated much of his ſorrow: to whom in his Brother's abſence, his Maſter gave the overſight of his Houſhold; which place he guided with ſuch diſcretion, as thereby he got both the good will of his Maſter, and the love of the Houſhold: and as he ſate one day at his work, he ſung this Song in Commendation of his Marriage; himſelf ſung the Ditty, and his fellows bore the Burthen.

AMongſt the joys on Earth, tho' little joy there be,
hey down down a down, fine is the ſilken twiſt;
Among the married ſort much comfort I do ſee,
hey down, down a down, believe it they that liſt:
He that is a married man hath beauty to imbrace,
hey down down a down, and therefore muckle woe;
He liveth in delight, and is in happy caſe:
hey down down a down, in faith we think not ſo.
His Wife doth dreſs his meat, with every thing moſt meet,
hey down down a down, fair Women love good chear;
And when he comes to Bed, ſhe gives him kiſſes ſweet.
hey down down a down, for thanks he pays full dear.
A hundred honey ſweets he hath when that is done,
hey down down a down, the truth is ſeldom known:
He hath in little time a Daughter or a Son,
hey down down a down, God grant they be his own.
A Wife is evermore both faithful, true and juſt,
hey down down a down, 'tis more than you do know:
Her Husband may be ſure in her to put his truſt;

By

hey down down a down, most are deceived so.
While he doth ride abroad, she looks unto his House,
hey down down a down, the finest cloath is torn;
And when that he comes home, she gives him Brawn and Sowse,
hey down, down a down, and oftentimes the horn.

How now, what is that you say (quoth Crispine?) Nothing (quoth they) but only bear the burthen of your Song: and surely we think it great pitty that you are not married, seeing you can sing so well in the praise of maraiage: truly (quoth he) were it not for that holy institution, what would the World be, but a brood of hapless Bastards: like to the cursed seed of Cain, men fit for all manner of villany, and such as would leave behind them a Race of Runagate persons, that would live as badly as they are lewdly begotten.

The rest of the Journey-men hearing him enter into such a deep discourse in the matter, began therefore to demand many Questions; but seeing it appertaineth not to our matter, we will leave them to their Disputation, and in the mean space I will shew you something of Crispianus, who is now in France with many Noble Britains, whom Maximinus sent thither to aid the Gauls against the mighty force of Iphicatis, the Persian General, that at this time invaded their Country with a great power. The day of Battle being appointed, the Armies meet in the Field, at which time both the Generals (like two Lyons filled with Wrath) in their proud march viewed one another, breathing forth on both sides words of disdain, and thus the General of the Gauls began.

Thou insulting Commander of the Eastern Troops, how durst thou set thy ambitious foot within our Territories? cannot the confines of Persia content thee, nor those Conquered Kingdoms already in thy Hand, but with unsatiable desire thou must come to Usurp our right? Know thou that the undaunted Gauls do scorn thee; for albeit that Alexander-like, thou seekest to subdue the whole World, flattering thy self in thy Fortune; yet never think that the Son of a Shoomaker shall bend our Neck to a servile yoak. Therefore in our just right we are come to give thee hire for thy pride; and by the force of our Swords to beat down the Scepter of thy proud thoughts.

The Renowned Iphicratis upon these words made this reply: Now may I report that the Gauls can do something, finding them such good scolds: But know thi, that I come not to rail, but revenge these contemptuous speeches, and with the point of our sturdy Lances to thrust them down your throats again: indeed my Fathers trade is a reproach to me, but thou art a reproach to thy Father; but thou shalt understand that A Shoomakers Son is a Prince Born; his fortune made him so, and thou shalt find no less. And hereupon the Trumpets sounding a Charge, and the Drums striking Allarm, there followed a sore and cruel Fight, wherein Crispianus (like a second Hector) laid about him, hewing down his Foes on every side, whose Valliancy and Princely Courage was noted of all the Gauls, and this fierce fight ended with the Nights approach, each Army took their rest; at what time the Noble General of the Gauls sent for Crispianus, and received him with many kind embraces in his Tent: he demanded of what Birth he was. To whom Crispianus shaped this answer: most worthy General; my Birth is not mean, and my Secrets less, but by Trade I am a Shoomaker in England.

A Shoomaker (said the General) if such Fame wait upon Shoomakers, and such magnanimity follow them, well were it for us if all the People in the Kingdom were Shoomakers: And as great thanks am I to give Maximinus, for sending me such a

Souldier,

Souldier, as he may be proud to have such a Subject: and now right sorry am I, that ever I reproached famous Iphicratis with his Fathers Trade, seeing I find it true, that Magnanimity and Knightly Prowess, is not always tyed within the compass of a noble Blood: and for my own part I will so honourably requite thy deservings, that thou shalt bless the time thou ever camest into these Wars.

The next morning the Generals joyned Battle again, resolving in this fight either by death or victory, to make an end of these troubles; where the Souldiers on each side strove for the Golden wreath of Renown. The two Generals meeting in the Battle, fought couragiously together, in which bloody Conflict the Prince of the Gauls was thrice by Iphicratis unhorsed, and as many times of Crispianus mounted again: but in the end the great Commander of the Eastern Army so mightily prevailed, that he had seized on the person of the French Prince, and was carrying him Captive to his Colours.

But so highly was Crispianus favoured of Fortune, that he and his fellows met him in the pride of his Conquest; who then all besmeared in the Persian blood, set upon Iphicratis, and so manfully behaved himself, that he recovered the Prince again, and in despite of the Persians brought him to his Royal Tent; in which encounter the Noble Iphicratis was sore wounded, by reason whereof the Souldiers had rest for three or four days: in which space Iphicratis sent to the Prince of the Gauls, to know what King he was, that in such Valiant sort had relieved him out of his hands: saying, That if he could serve him he would make him Ruler of a mighty Kingdom.

The French King sent him word, that it was a right hardy Britain, which had performed that honourable service, but no Knight, though well deserving greater Dignity; but a Shoomaker in England: And thus (quoth he) a Shoomakers Son was by a Shoomaker foiled.

When Iphicratis understood this, he sent word again to the Gauls: That for the favour of that worthy Man, he would not only cease the Wars, but for ever after be a friend to the Gauls: Which joyful Message when the French King understood, most willingly embraced the unlooked for Tydings of a happy peace; and thereupon made Crispianus a Knight.

After the which there was a great Feast ordained, whereunto the renowned Iphicratis was invited, and the two Generals with Crispianus, friendly met together. Thus the sower War was ended with sweet Feasting: and Iphicratis soon after departed out of the Country with his Army, and never after annoyed them.

Then the French King writing his Letter of thanks unto the Emperor *Maximinus*, did therein certifie him of the Princely acts of Crispianus, whereby he was brought into the Emperors Favour: and with these Letters Crispianus returned into England.]

CHAP. VIII.

How the Lady Ursula finding her self to be with Child, made great moan unto her Husband Crispine; and how he provided for her a secret place where she was delivered.

IN the mean space the Lady Ursula finding her self to be with Child, and her unknown Husband coming one day with Shoes unto her, she made her moan unto him, saying: O Crispine, how shall we do? the time of my sorrow and shame draweth on, I feel that living in my Womb which I fear will bring death upon us all. Why my dear Lady (answered he) art thou with Child, keep thy Chamber close, and wittily excuse thy grief, until *I* have found means to procure our safety.

But dost thou mean faithfully (said she) wilt thou not deceive me, and for fear of my Fathers wrath flye the Country? if thou shouldst do so, then were I the wretchedest Lady alive: forsake me not sweet Crispine, whatsoever thou dost, but take me with thee wheresoever thou goest; it is not my Fathers frowns that I regard, so I may have thy favour: What do I care for a Princely Pallace; an homely Cottage shall content me in thy company. O my love, I will rather learn to spin Hemp for thy Shop-thred, than live without thee in the greatest pleasure.

I will not leave thee my dear love (quoth he) by that Faith I vow, which I plighted to thee at our blessed Marriage, and therefore be contented, and it shall not be long before I return. Leaving thus his sad Lady, he came home and secretly broke the matter unto his Dame, desiring her Counsel in this his extremity.

What, how now (quoth she) hast thou got a Maid with Child? Ah thou whorson Villain, thou hast undone thy self, how wilt thou do now? thou hast made a fair hand; here is now sixteen pence a week, besides soap and candles beds, shirts, biggings, wastcoats, head-bands, swaddle-bands, cross-cloths, bibs tail-clouts, mantles, hose, shoes, coats, petticoats, cradle and crickets; and besides that a standing-stool, and a posnet to make the Child pap, and all this is come upon thee, besides the charge of her lying in: Oh Crispine, Crispine, I am heartily sorry for thee. But in good faith, if I knew the quean that hath brought thee to this folly, I would have her by the face, I swear to you: for though I speak it before thee (Crispine) thou art a proper fellow, and thou mightest have done full well: if thou hadst had grace; God hath done his part on thee: and with that she began with kindness to weep, whereupon her Husband coming in, asked what she ailed: O man (said she) Crispine: Why, what of Crispine? tell me; why speakest thou not? we shall lose a good Servant, so we shall. What Servant shall we lose, foolish woman (quoth he) tell me quickly? O Husband, by Cock and Bye I swear I le have her by the Nose. Who wilt thou have by the Nose? What the Devil art thou mad that thou wilt not answer me?

Crispine, who at his Masters coming in shunned the Room, lending an ear unto these words, went to his Master, and said unto him: Sir, these four years have I served you, and the fifth draweth near unto an end: and as I have found you a good Master to me, so I trust you have had no great cause to complain of me, though through ignorance I have sometimes made offence: And knowing at this instant no man so near a friend unto me as your self, I thought good to impart my secret counsel to you; something I presumed upon my good Dames favour, which made

me open that unto her, which now I wish I had not discovered: notwithstanding, resting more upon her discretion than her secresie, I would desire your counsel in a matter that concerns me very near. Verily, said his Master, if it be a thing wherein I may do thee good, thou shalt find that I will not fall from thee in thy sorrows, and therefore be not abashed to declare thy mind: for I swear, if I may procure thee right thou shalt put up no wrong. Why then Sir, thus it is (quoth he:) My Will running before my wit, I have gotten a Maid with Child, and I wot not in this case what to do, that I might preserve the maid from shame, and my self from discredit: Besides, I doubt if it be known it will cost me my life; therefore in such a case good Master be secret. Tush man, fear not (quoth he) it is a matter of nothing; but I pray thee now tell me what wanton wagtail it is that thou hast clapt under the Apron? O Master (quoth he) the Kings fair Daughter Ursula is my love, and she it is that lives in care for my sake. Passion of my Heart thou whorson Knave, quoth his Master, thou art a dead man; I marvel how the Devil thou cameſt to be so bold with her; surely thou hast drawn on her Shooes on Sunday, I may say, thou hast left so good a token behind; but in truth my boy I commend thee, that thou wouldst shoot at the fairest. Yea Sir, (quoth Crispine) and I have hit the mark I trow, and I do verily believe that none will shoot so near again. Nay, swear not (said his Master) many may aim at fair marks, and more then one man hits them now and then: but what wouldst thou have me to do in this case? my good Master (quoth Crispine) the truth is she is my Wife, and the very same night my Brother was prest to the Wars, I was married to her: and if you could tell me how she might be delivered of her burthen without any suspicion, I should not only remain beholding to you while I live, but would also gratifie your kindness in such sort as would content you.

His Dame all this while listned to their talk, and when she understood that he spake of the Kings Daughter, and that he had married her, she said: Now Gods blessing on thy Heart Crispine, that thou art so careful for thy Wife; but it maketh me wonder she should marry a Shoomaker, and a poor fellow too. Master and Dame (qd. Crispine) seeing I have begun, I'le shew you a further matter, as strange as the other. The necessity of these times makes many Noble Personages to mask in this habit, as Jupiter did in a Shepherds weeds; and the truth is, the Lady Ursula is not ignorant that by matching with me she hath wedded a Prince; and you may say, that these five years two Princes have served you obediently, under the simple borrowed names of Crispine and Crispianus. Our Royal Father was slain by the Emperour Maximinus, and the Queen our Mother yet lyes imprisoned; and your poor House and these leather Garments have been our life of defence against the blood-thirsty Tyrant. Now you see that though there was hate towards us in the Father, yet there is love yielded us by the Daughter. This must be kept for a certain time from the knowledge of him, lest our lives pay a dear ransome for our loves. Well Crispine (quoth his Dame) be of good cheer, for I have a device in my head how to get thy love out of her Fathers Pa[illegible] or dishonour to her, if thou wilt do as I wish thee: when you perceive that she grows near unto the time of her travel, I would wish you to work such means, as to set a tree on fire late in the night, that standeth somewhat near one of the Beacons upon the Sea coast, whereby it will follow, that such watchmen that watch upon our Beacons supposing the Beacons on the Sea-coast to be on fire, will set theirs on fire also. Then will there be a great hurly-burly, with the preparation of men at Arms on all sides, to withstand the supposed Foe, the which they shall never find: then (as you know) Maximinus with his houshold will be in most fear, because he is most hated; that whilst he

he is abroad, the rest of his household will every one of them seek for their own safeguard, amongst the which let fair Ursula be one, who by that means singling her self alone, may take up my house, and here she may be closely kept till she be delivered, taking upon her the name and habit of a simple Woman. But the truth of this matter (quoth Crispine) I doubt it will be soon perceived and found, then how shall Lady Ursula do, for she will straight be missed? Tush, that is no matter (quoth his Dame) and missed let her be, until such time as she is in better case to go abroad again: so in such a tumult as then will be, they will suppose many things, that one mischance or other is befallen her; or if she be in health, that she hath wandred into the Woods, or some other uncough place, where she might best provide for safety, and when she comes home again, I warrant thee Crispine she shall be welcome. Then said his Master, I like my Wives Counsel well, therefore by my consent put it in practice: whereunto Crispine consented; and making the Lady privy to the purpose, at length it was put in execution; at which there was crying out on all sides, Arm, Arm, Arm, our Enemies are coming upon us: Where? quoth they, at Rucupium said one; at Arugagus Castle, said another; quoth the third, it is at Doris; I tell you (quoth the fourth) it is at Dour; and all this while it is but at Dover (said the fifth man) and at Dover it is undoubtedly, therefore haste haste away, for never was there more need: so that Maximinus was almost at his Wits end, as one not knowing which way to turn, the cryes of the people came so thick one after another; the waiting Gentlewomen left the Princess and sought for their own safety: Thus while some were busie in carrying out the Kings Treasure, others hiding the Plate, and others the Goods, Ursula had an easy passage into the Shoomakers house.

The young Prince Crispine was gone with the rest of the Town towards Dover, where when they came there was nothing to do; which when Maximinus saw, he was not a little glad the Wars were so soon ended: But when he came to the Court, and missed his Daughter, there was posting up and down in every place to seek her, but all in vain, for no man could meet with her, for which he made great lamentation, making a Proclamation throughout the whole Countrey; That whosoever could bring her to him, he should not only have a Princely reward, but also if he were a Man of a Noble Blood, he should be honoured with the marriage of his fair Daughter.

This was good News to Crispine who was not to learn to make profit thereof: But by that time the Lady was light, Crispianus his eldest Brother was arrived in England with great honour, as before you have heard. And before he went to the Court, he thought it good to visit his old Master, who came also in good time to the Christning of his Brothers Child, which when he with wonder beheld, noting what a strange accident there was, That Maximinus's Daughter should be his Brothers Wife: But after that he had in Princely manner saluted the new-delivered Lady; taking the Infant in his Arms, he kissed it, saying: Now will I say and swear (quoth he) That a Shoomaker's Son is a Prince born. Joyning in the Opinion of Ephicratis, and henceforth Shoomakers shall never let their term dye.

Then turning to his Master and Dame, he said: How much dear Master and Dame are we bound to your favours, that have maintained our Honours with our happiness? for by this means I hope we shall make a joyful conclusion of our sorrowful beginning, and I will so work that the Emperour shall confirm what is already begun; I mean the Honour due to these princely Lovers, and together with our happy fortunes, procure our Mothers Liberty.

Hereupon, within a short time after he made preparation to the Court, he attired him-

himself in Princely manner, and with a most Knightly grace he delibered to *Maximinus* the King of Gauls Letter: where he certified the Emperour of the Honourable Deeds performed by Crispianus; whereupon he received him to great favour, and said unto him: Right Renowned Knight, for the great honour thou hast done me in France, I will honour thee with any thing thou shalt command, that standeth with the *Majesty* and Credit of an Emperour to give. Then I beseech your Highness (quoth he) to grant me the life and liberty of my Mother, that late Queen of Logria. Art thou her Son, said Maximinus? Although thy Father was my Foe, yet must I needs say he was a most Courageous and Warlike Prince; thy suit is granted: and once I had a Daughter was worthy of thy love, but unconstant Fortune hath bereft me of that bliss: But had it pleased the fair Heavens to have left her to me this day, I would have made thee more honourable by her match; but seeing my wishing doth nothing profit thee, take hence the Richest Jewel that I have, and be thou next my self in Authority. With that he took from his own Neck a Coller of pretious Diamonds, and gave it to Crispianus, saying, be thou as fortunate as Polycrates.

CHAP. IX.

How fair Ursula came before her Father, with Crispine her Husband, who was joyfully received by him, and in the end had his good will to confirm the Marriage betwixt them: whereupon there was great joy on both sides, and the Shoomakers in honour of this happy day, make a joyful Song.

WIthin a certain space after, word was brought to the Emperour, that his Daughter was with a Shoomaker come to the Court, whereat Maximianus was stricken into a sudden joy, saying, An Honourable Shoomaker may he be that hath brought me my fair Daughter again; welcome my sweet Ursula, and in good time welcome to thy Father, and welcome also is this happy young man that hath so fortunately brought thee: and turning to Crispianus, he said: Noble Sir Knight, take here my Daughter to wife: not so dear Father (quoth she) this man hath best deserved my love, that hath preserved my life, and his Wife will I be. Why Ursula, (said her Father) wilt thou darken the Sunshine of my joy with clouds of foul obstinacy, and yoke thy self so unequally; this man is a Prince: And this mans Son is another (quoth he.) That is strange, said the Emperour, can that Child be a Prince, whose Father is but a Shoomaker.

Then

Then anſwered Urſula, My Royal Father, A Shooemakers Son is a Prince Born. Moſt gracious Lord (quoth Criſpianus) the very like Sentence did I hear the Renowned Iphicratis pronounce to the King of Gauls, when he upbraided him of his Birth. With that Criſpine's Dame preſented the Child to the Emperour, and fair Urſula was very diligent to uncover the Childs Face, and held it to her Father. Why Daughter ter (quoth he) art thou not aſhamed to honour this baſe-born brat ſo much? hence with the Elf: and therewithal puſht it from him, whereat his Daughters tears trickled down her Cheeks, and ſo kiſſing the Child gave it again to the Woman. What (ſaid Maximinus) doſt thou love the Child ſo well that thou muſt kiſs it, and weep for it? I have cauſe, dear Father (quoth ſhe) for that this Childs Mother lay in my Mothers Belly.

At theſe Words the Emperor ſuſpected ſomething, demanding of Criſpine of what Parentage he was, and then knowing he was Criſpianus's Brother, all the Controverſie was ended, and their ſecret Marriage confirmed openly with great joy and triumph: at which time the Shooemakers in the ſame Town made Holyday, to whom Criſpine and Criſpianus ſent moſt Princely Gifts to maintain their Merriment: And ever after upon that day at night, the Shooemakers make great cheer and Feaſting, in remembrance of theſe two Princely Brethren; and becauſe it might not be forgotten, they cauſed their Names to be placed in the Kalender for yearly Remembrance, which you ſhall find in the Month of October, three days before the Feaſt of Simon and Jude.

The Shooemakers Song on Criſpianus Night.

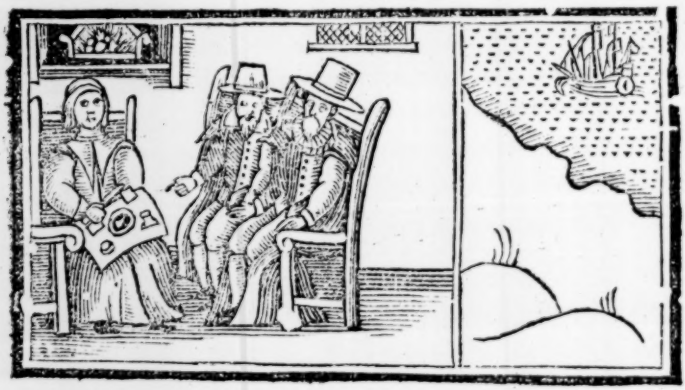
TWO Princely Brethren once there were, right Sons unto a King,
Whoſe Father Tyrant Maximinus to cruel death did bring;
Criſpianus one waſt call'd, the eldeſt of the two,
Criſpine was the others name, who well had learn'd to Wooe.
Theſe Brethren then were after fain from Fathers Houſe to fly,
Becauſe their Foes to ſpoyl their lives in privy wait did lie;
Into a kind Shooemakers Houſe, they ſuddenly ſtept in,
And there to learn the Gentle-Craft did preſently begin.
And five years ſpace they lived ſo with great content of mind,
So that the Tyrant could not tell whereas he ſhould them find:
Though every day to Court they came with Shooes for Ladies Feet,
They were not known by their attire, they us'd themſelves ſo meet.
At length unto the furious Wars was Criſpianus preſt,
Whereas his Knightly Proweſs then he try'd above the reſt:
But Criſpine found him better ſport, would I had Criſpine been,
The Kings fair Daughter lov'd him well, as it was after ſeen:
The length of this fair Ladies foot ſo well did Criſpine know,
That none but he could pleaſe her mind, the certain truth is ſo:
Came he by night or elſe by day, he was moſt welcome ſtill,
With Kiſſes ſweet ſhe did him pay, and thanks for his good will:
So oft theſe Lovers twain did meet, by day and eke by night,
That at the laſt the Lady ſaid, ſhe ſhould be ſhamed quite:
What was the matter tell me true, that ſo her ſorrow bred?
Her Shooemaker moſt daintily had got her Maiden-head.
But at the length ſo wiſely wrought, as doth the ſtory tell;
Her Fathers right good will he got, and every thing was well,

And

And Crispianus came again from Wars victoriously,
Then Shoomakers make Holiday, and therefore to will I;
And now for Crispianus sake, this Wine I drink to thee,
And he that doth his mark mistake, and will not now pledge me;
He is not Crispianus friend, nor worthy well I wot,
To have a Lady to his Love, as Crispine he hath got.

CHAP. X.

How Sir Simon Eyre being at first a Shoomaker, became in the end *Mayor* of London, through the Counsel of his Wife: And how he broke his Fast every day on a Table that he said he would not sell for a thousand pounds: And how he builded Leaden-Hall.



OUr English Chronicles do make mention, that sometime there was in the Honourable City of London, a worthy Mayor, known by the name of Sir *Simon* Eyre, whose fame liveth in the mouth of many men to this day, who albeit he descended from mean parentage, yet by Gods blessing in the end he came to be a most worthy man in the Common-wealth.

This Man being brought young out of the North-Country, was bound Prentice to a Shoomaker, bearing then the name of the Gentle-Craft (as still it doth) his Master being a man of reasonable wealth, set many Journey-men and Prentices to work, who followed their business with great delight, which quite excludeth all weariness, for when servants do sit at their work like Dromedaries, then their minds are never lightly on their business; for it is an old Proverb;

They prove Servants kind and good,
That sing at their business like Birds in a Wood.

Such Fellows had this young Lad, who was not behind with many Northern Jiggs, to answer their Southern Songs: This youth being the youngest Prentice in the House, as occasion served, was often sent to the Conduit for Water, whereby in a short time he fell acquainted with many other Prentices, coming thither for the same intent.

Now their custom was, that every Sunday Morning divers of these Prentices did use to go to a place near the Conduit to break their Fast with Pudding-Pies, and often they would take Simon along with them; but upon a time it fell out, that when he

he should draw money to pay the shot with the rest, that he had none, whereupon he merrily said unto them: my faithful Friends, and Conduit-Companions, treasurers of the Water-tankard, and main Pillars of the Pudding-house; I may now compare my Purse to a barren-Doe, that yields the Keeper no more good than an empty Carcass; or to a bad nut which being opened hath never a Kernel: therefore if it will please you to pardon me at this time, and excuse me for my part of the shot, I do here vow unto you, that if ever I come to be Lord Mayor of the City, I will give a Breakfast to all the Prentices in London. We do take your word (quoth they) and so they departed.

It came to pass, that Simon having at length worn out the time of his Prentiship, that he fell in love with a Maiden that was near Neighbour unto him, unto whom at length he was Married, and got him a Shop, and laboured hard daily, and his young Wife was never idle, but straight when she had nothing to do she sate in the Shop and spun, and having lived thus alone a year or thereabout, and having gathered something together, at length he got him some Prentices and a Journey-man or two, and he could not make his Ware so fast as he could have sold it, so that he stood in great need of a Journeyman or two more.

At last one of his Servants espying one go along the Street with a Fardle at his back, called to his Master, saying: Sir, yonder goes St. Hugh's Bones, twenty pound to a Penny: Run presently (quoth he) and fetch him hither: The Boy running forth called to the Man, saying: Good fellow come hither, here is one would speak with you: The fellow being a Frenchman that had not long been in England, turning about, said Hea, what you see, will you speak wid me? Hea, what you have? tell me what you have, Hea, and with that coming to the Stall, the good man asked him if he lackt work, we permaysoy, quoth the French-man, whereupon Simon took him in, and to work he went merrily, where he behaved himself so well, that his Master made a good account of him, thinking he had been a Batcheloz, but in the end it was found otherwise.

This man was the first that wrought upon the low cut Shooe, with the square toe, and the Latchet overthwart the instep, before which time in England they did wear a high Shooe that reached above the Ankles, right after the manner of our Husbandmens Shooes at this day; save only that it was made very sharp at the Toe, turning up like the tail of an Island Dog; or as you see a Cock carry his hinder Feathers.

Now its to remembred, that while John Denevale dwelt with Simon Eyre, it chanced that a Ship of the Isle of Candy, was driven upon our Coast, laden with all kind of Lawns and Cambricks, and other Linnen Cloath, which Commidities at that time were in London very scant and exceeding dear; and by reason of a great leak the Ship had got at Sea, being unable to sail any further, he would make what profit he could of his Goods here.

And being come to London it was John Denevale's chance to meet him in the streets, of whom the Merchant in the Greek Tongue demanded where he might have a Lodging; for he was one that had never been in England before, and being unacquainted, wist not wither to go, but while he spake Greek, John Denevale answered him still in French, which Tongue the Merchant understood well: And therefore being glad that he had met with one that could talk with him, he declared unto him what Tempests he endured at Sea, and also how his Ship lay upon the Coast with such Commodities as he would sell: Truly Sir (quoth John) I am my self but a Stranger in this Country, and utterly unacquainted with Merchants, but I dwell with one in the City, that is a very honest Man, and it may be that he can help you to some that will deal with

you

you for it, and if you think it good, I will move him with it, and in the mean space i'le bring you where you may have a very good lodging: too morrow morning I will come to you again.

Sir, said the Merchant, if you please to do me that favour i'le not only be thankful unto you for the same, but also in most honest sort will content you for your pains; and with that they departed.

Now so soon as John the Frenchman came home, he moved that matter unto his Master, desiring him that he would do what he could for the Merchant. When his Master had heard each circumstance, noting therewith the want of such Commodities in the Land, he cast in his Mind as he stood cutting out his work, what was the best to be done in this case, saying to his Man John, I will think upon it betwixt this and the morning, and then I will tell you my mind; and therewithal casting down his cutting Knife, he went out of his Shop into his Chamber, and therein walking up and down alone very sadly, ruminating thereon; he was so far in his muse, that his Wife sending for him to supper two or three times, he nothing regarded the Maids call, hammering this matter in his Head; at last his Wife came to him, saying; Husband what mean you that you do not come to Supper? why speak you not Man? hear you? good Husband come away your meat will be cold: but for all her words, he stayed walking up and down still, like a Man that had sent his Wife a Wooll-gathering, which his Wife seeing, pulled him by the sleeve, saying; Why Husband, in the name of God, why come you not, will you not come to supper to Night? I called you a good while ago: Body of me, Wife I promise thee I did not hear thee: No faith, it seemeth so, (quoth she) I marvel whereupon your mind runneth: believe me Wife (quoth he) I was studying how to make my self Lord Mayor, and thee a Lady.

Now God help you, (quoth she) I pray God make us able to pay every man his own, that we may live out of debt and danger, and drive the Wooll from the Door, and I desire no more. But Wife (said he) I pray thee now tell me, dost thou not think that thou couldst make a shift to bear the name of a Lady if it be put upon thee? In truth Husband (quoth she) I'le not dissemble with you, if your wealth were able to bear it, my mind will bear it well enough. Well Wife, replyed he, I tell thee now in sadness, that if I had money, there is a Commodity now to be bought, the gains whereof would be able to make thee a Gentlewoman for ever. Alas Husband, that dignity your Trade allows you already, being a Squire of the Gentle Craft, then how can you be less then a Gentleman, seeing your Son is a Prince Born? Tush Wife, quoth he, these Titles do only rest in Name, but not in Nature; but of that sort I had rather be, whose Lands are answerable to their Virtues, and whose Rents can maintain the greatness of their mind. Then sweet Husband tell me, said his Wife, tell me what Commodity is that which you might get so much by? I am sure your self hath some Money, and it shall go very hard but I'le procure friends to borrow one forty shillings; and beside that, rather than you shall lose so good a Bargain, I have a couple of Crowns that saw no Sun since we were first married, and them also shall you have. Alas Wife, (said Simon) All this comes not near the matter; I confess it would do some good in buying some backs of Leather, but in this thing 'tis nothing, for this is Merchandize that is precious at this time, and rare to be had: and I hear that whosoever will have it, must lay down three hundred pounds ready Money: Yea Wife; and yet thereby he might get three and three thousand pounds profit.

His Wife hearing him say so, was inflamed with the desire thereof, as women are for the most part very covetous: That matter running still in her mind, she could

scant

scant find in her heart to spare him time to go to supper, for very eagerness to animate him on to take that bargain upon him: wherefore so soon as they had supt and given God thanks, she called her Husband, saying: I pray you come hither, I would speak a word with you: That Man is not always to be blamed, that sometimes takes Counsel of his Wife, though Womens wits are not able to comprehend the greatest things, yet in doubtful matters they oft help on a sudden.

Well Wife, what mean you by this (said her Husband?) In truth (quoth she) I would have you to pluck up a Mans heart, and speedily chop up a bargain for these Goods you speak of. Why I (quoth he) which way should I do it? that am not able for three thousand pounds to lay down three thousand pence? Tush Man (quoth she) what of that? every man that beholds a man in the Face, knows not what he hath in his Purse: and whatsoever he be that owns the Goods, he will (no doubt) be content to stay a month for his Money, or three weeks at the least; and I promise you to pay a thousand pounds a Week is a pretty round payment, and I may say to you, not much to be misliked of.

Now Husband, I would have you in the morning with John the Frenchman go to the Grecian Merchant, and with good discretion drive a sound bargain with him for the whole Fraight of the Ship, and thereupon give him half a dozen Angels in earnest, and eight and twenty days after the delivery of the goods, condition to deliver him the rest of his Money: but Woman (quoth he) dost thou imagine that he will take my word upon so weighty a mass of Money, and to deliver his goods upon no better security.

Good Lord (quoth she) have you not wit in such a case to make shift; I'le tell you what you shall do: Be not known that you bargain for your own self, but tell him that you do it in the behalf of one of the chief Aldermen in the City, but beware in any case that you leave with him your name in writing, he being a Grecian, cannot read English, and you have no need at all to shew John the Frenchman, or if you should, it were no matter, for you can tell well enough that he can neither write nor read.

I perceive Wife (quoth he) thou wouldst fain be a Lady, and worthy thou art to be one, that dost thus imploy thy wits to bring thy Husband profit: but tell me, if he should be desirous to see the Alderman to confer with him, how shall we do then? Jesus have mercy upon us (quoth she) you say women are fools, but meseemeth men have need to be taught sometimes: Before you come away in the morning, let John the Frenchman, tell him that the Alderman himself shall come to his Lodging in the afternoon, and receiving a note of all the Goods that be in the Ship, he shall deliver unto him a Bill of his Hand for the payment of his money, according to that time. Now sweet-heart (quoth she) this Alderman shall be thine own self, and I'le go borrow for thee all things that shall be necessary, against that time. Tush (quoth her Husband) canst thou imagine that he, seeing me in the morning, will not know me again in the afternoon, Go Husband (quoth she) he will not know thee I warrant thee: for in the morning thou shalt go to him in thy Doublet of Ship-skin, with a smutched face, and thy Apron before thee, thy Thumb-leather and Hand-leather buckled close to thy wrist, with a foul Band about thy Neck, and a greasie Cap on thy Head. Why Woman (quoth he) to go in such sort would be a discredit to me, and make the Merchant doubtful of my dealing: for men of simple attire are (God wot) slenderly esteemed.

Hold your peace good Husband (quoth she) it shall not be so with you, for John the Frenchman shall give such good report to the Merchant of your honest dealing (as

I praise God, he can do no less) as the Grecian will rather conceive the better of you, than otherwise, judging you a prudent and discreet Man, that will not make a shew of that you are not, but go in your attire agreeable to your Trade. And because none of our folks shall be privy to our intent, to morrow we will Dine at my Cousin John Barbers in St. Clements Lane, which is not far from the George in Lumbard-street, where the Merchant-Stranger lies. Now I'le be sure that all things shall be ready at my Cousin Johns, that you may put on in the afternoon. And there he shall first of all with his Sizers, snap off all the superfluous hairs, and fashion thy bushy Beard, after the Aldermans grave cut: then shall he wash thee with a sweet Camphire Ball, and besprinkle thy Head and face with the purest Rose-water: then shalt thou scour thy pitchy Fingers in a Bason of hot Water, with an ordinary Washing-Ball: and all this being done, strip thee from these common-weeds, and I'le put thee on a very fair Doublet of Tawny-Sattin, over which thou shalt have a Callock of branched Damask, furred round the Skirts with the finest Foyns, thy Breeches of black Velvet, and Shoes and Stockings fit for such array; a Band about thy Neck as white as the driven Snow, and for thy Wrist a pitty pair of Cuffs, and on thy Head a Cap of the finest black: then shalt thou put on a fair Gown welted about with Velvet, and over-thwart thy Back it shall be laid with the richest Foyns, with a pair of sweet Gloves on thy Hands, and on thy Fore-finger a great Seal Ring of Gold.

Thou being thus attired, I'le intreat my Cousin John Barber, because he is a very handsome young man, neat and fine in his apparel, as indeed all Barbers are, that he would take the pains to wait upon you to the Merchant, as if he were your Man, which he will do at the first, because one of you cannot understand the other, so that it will be sufficient with outward courtesie, one to greet another, and he to deliver unto you his Note, and you to give him your Bill, and so to come home.

It doth my heart good to see how trimly this apparel doth become you, in faith Husband, me seem in my mind I see you in it already, and how like an Alderman you look when you are in this costly array. At your return home from the Merchant, you shall put off all these Cloths at my Cousins again, and come home as you did go forth: then tell John the Frenchman, that the Alderman was with the Merchant this afternoon, you may send to him in the Morning, and bid him to command that his Ship may be brought down the River; while she is a coming about, you may give notice to the Linnen-Drapers of the Commodities you have coming. Enough Wife, (quoth he) thou hast said enough; and by the Grace of God, I'le follow thy counsel, and I doubt not but to have good fortune.

CHAP. XI.

How Simon Eyre was sent for to my Lord Mayors to Supper, and shewing the great Entertainment he and his Wife had there.

Anon, after Supper time drew near, she making her self ready in the best manner she could devise, passing along with her Husband unto my Lord Mayors-House: and being entred the great Hall, one of the Officers certified my Lord Mayor that the great Rich Shoomaker and his Wife were already come. Whereupon the Lord Mayor in courteous manner came into the Hall to Simon, saying: you are heartily Welcome good Master Eyre, and so is your gentle Bed-fellow: Then came the Lady Mayoress and saluted them both in like manner, saying: Welcome good Master Eyre and Mistris Eyre both; and taking her by the hand, set her down among the Gentlewomen there present.

Sir (quoth the Lord Mayor) I understand you are a Shoomaker, and that it is you that have bought all the Goods of the great Argozy. I am indeed (my Lord) of the Gentle-Craft (quoth he) and I praise God all the Goods of the great Argozy are mine own, when my debts are paid.

God give you much joy of them (said the Lord Mayor) and I trust you and I shall deal for some part thereof. So the meat being then ready to be brought in, the Guests were placed, each one according to their calling. My Lord Mayor holding Simon by the hand, and the Lady Mayoress holding his Wife, they needs would have them sit near to themselves, which they then with blushing Cheeks refusing, my Lord said unto them, holding his Cap in his hand.

Master Eyre and Mistris Eyre, let me intreat you not to be troublesome, for I tell you it shall be thus; and as for these Gentlemen here present they are all of mine own acquaintance, and many times we have been together; therefore I dare be the bolder with them, and albeit you are our Neighbours also, yet I promise you, you are strangers to my Table: and to strangers common courtesie doth teach us to shew the greatest favour, therefore let me rule you in mine own House, and you shall rule me in yours.

When Simon found there was no remedy, they sate them down, but the poor Woman was so abashed that she did eat but little meat at the Table, behaving her self at the Table with a comely and modest countenance; but what she wanted in outward feeding her heart yielded to her with inward delight and content.

Now so it was, many Men that knew not Simon, and seeing him in so simple attire sit next my Lord, whisperingly asked one another what he was: and it was enough for Simon's Wife (with her Eyes and Ears) to see and hearken after every thing that was said or done.

A grave wealthy Citizen sitting at the Table, spake to Simon and said: Sir, in good will I drink to your good Health, but I beseech you pardon me, for I know not how to call your name. With that my Lord Mayor answered him, saying: His name is Master Eyre, and this is the Gentleman that bought all the Goods that came in the Black Swan of Candy; and before God, though he sit here in simple sort, for his Wealth I do verily believe, he is more sufficient to bear this place then my self; this was a man that was never thought upon, living obscure amongst us, of none account in the Eyes of the World, carrying but the countenance of a Shoomaker, and none of the best

best neither, and is able to deal for a bargain of five thousand pounds at a clap. We do want many such Shoomakers (said the Citizen) and so with other Discourse drove out Supper: at what time rising from the Table, Simon and his Wife receiving sundry salutations of my Lord Mayor and his Lady, and all the rest of the Worshipful Guests, departed home to their own house, at what time his Wife made such a recital of the matters, how bravely they were entertained, what great cheer was there, also what a great company of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen were there, and how often they drank to her Husband and to her, with divers other circumstances, that I believe that if the Night had been six Months long, as it is under the North Pole, they would have found talk enough till morning. Of a truth (quoth she) although I sate close to my Ladies side, I could eat nothing for very joy to hear and see that we were so much made of: And never give me credit Husband, if I did not hear the Officers whisper as they stood behind me, and all demanded of one another what you were, and what I was: O, quoth one, do you see this Man? mark him well, and mark his Wife well, that simple Woman that sits next my Lady, what are they? what are they? quoth another: marry this is the rich Shoomaker that bought all the Goods in the great Argozy, I tell you there was never such a Shoomaker seen in London, since the City was builded.

Now by my faith, quoth the third, I have heard much of him to day among the Merchants in the Streets, going between the two Chains. Credit me Husband, of mine honesty, this was their communication. May, and do you not remember when the Rich Citizen drank to you, (which craved pardon because he knew not your name) what my Lord Mayor said; Sir, quoth he, his name is Master Eyer: did you mark that? and presently thereupon he added these words: This is the Gentleman that bought, and so forth: the Gentleman understood him; did you hear him speak that word?

In troth Wife (quoth he) my Lord uttered many good words of me, I thank his Honour, but I heard not that. No (quoth she) I heard it well enough, for by and by he proceeded further, saying: I suppose though he sit here in simple sort, he is more sufficient to bear this charge than my self. Yea thought I, he may thank his Wife for that, if it come to pass. May, said Simon, I thank God for it. Yea, and next him you may thank me, quoth she: And it did her so much good to talk of it, that I suppose if she had lived till this day, she would yet be prating thereof, and if sleep did not drive her from it.

And now seeing that Simon the Shoomaker is become a Merchant, we will temper our Tongue, to give him the Title which his Customers were wont to do, and from hence forth call him Master Eyer, who while he had his affairs in hand, committed the government of his Shop to John the Frenchman, leaving him to be guide to his other Servants; by means of which favour, John thought himself at that time to be a man of no small reputation.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

How John the Frenchman fell in love with one of his Mistrisses Maids, and how he was crossed through the craft of Haunce the Dutchman.

AT the same time there was dwelling in the House a jolly Wench, whose name was Florence, whom John the Frenchman loved dearly well, and for her only sake he brought many a good Bottle of Wine into the House, and therewithal so soon as their Master and Mistris were gone to Bed, they would oftentimes make merry amongst themselves, which Haunce a Journey-man in the same House perceiving, sought to cross him as much as in him lay, thereby to bring his own purpose the better to pass, which was to join the maidens favours to his own affections.

And because the Frenchman had the greatest gains under his Master, and being thereof no niggard when he had got it, the Maid did most delight in him, and little esteemed the Dutchman, though his good will was as great towards her as the other: for they could not be in any corner of the House together, nor could they meet in any place abroad, but the Dutchman would still watch them.

Upon a time Florence being at Market, her love John went forth of the Shop to meet her, and Haunce staid not long behind, who at length espyed them, and heard his fellow John questioning with her in this sort.

What Florence, what have you in your Basket? hea, let me se what you buy: Marry John, quoth she, I have bought Beef and Mutton, and other things: Come come, must you peep in my Basket, quoth she, away for shame, away. Be Gis Florence, me will see a little, ha ha! Florence, you buy de pudding; hea, you love de puddings Florence, if I be your Husband me will give you pudden shall warren. My Husband, quoth she, in faith Sir, no, I mean not to marry a Frenchman: What Florence, de Frenchman be de good man: but Florence, me will give you a pint of Wine by my troth.

O I cannot stay now, I thank you John. What, quoth he, Florence no stay with your Friend, I shall make you stay a little time; and so with that taking her by the Hand into the Tavern they go; and Haunce the Dutchman following them, sate closely in the next Room, and by that means heard all that they said, and that they appointed the next Sunday to go to Islington together, and there to be merry, and so the Maid hasting away, they

[illegible] quoth Haunce secretly to himself, it shall go hard but I'le disappoint you.

Sunday

Sunday in the afternoon being come, John the Frenchman, according to his appointment, went before to Islington, leaving Florence to come after with another Maid which dwelt in the same House, whilst he prepared good chear for their coming; and the more to make her merry, he hired a noise of Musicians to attend their pleasure.

And as it after hapned, his fellow Haunce prevented this sport who watching in the Fields for Florence, at length he espyed her coming; to whom he said, Well met fair Florence, your Friend John hath changed his mind, for whereas he appointed you to meet him at Islington, you shall lose your labour so to do, for he is not there. No, how so, said Florence? The reason is, said Haunce, so far as I can understand by him, he thinks you are very fickle and unconstant, and because it was his chance this morning to see you speak to a young man that passed by, he saith verily, that you are a marvelous great dissembler, and in this humour he is gone I know not whether.

And is it even so, said Florence: I'le tell thee what Haunce, because he hath made thee privy to his mind, I will shew thee somewhat of mine: doth he suspect me because I did but speak to one: Nay, if he be so jealous now, what will he be hereafter? and therefore insomuch as it is so, let him go the Devil: he shall very well find that I will set as light by him as he doth by me. Did the Knave get leave of my Mistress for me to come abroad this day, and doth he now serve me thus? Well, this shall teach me wit in faith, and so she turns back again.

Nay, quoth Haunce, seeing now you are abroad, let me intreat you to go to Hogsden, and I will bestow a mess of Cream upon you. In the end she was won, and as they walked together, Haunce spoke thus unto her: I know not what cause John the Frenchman hath given you to bear him so good will, as I perceive you do, but in my mind he is a far unmeet match for you. And thus much I know, he is of a very mistrustful nature, a wavering mind, and deceitful heart: he did profess great good will to you in outward shew, but I have heard him speak most shamefully of you behind your back, making his vaunts that he had you at a beck of his Finger, and how that for a pint of Wine he could cause you to follow him up and down all over the City: Florence, I am a Fool to tell you thus much. it may be you will scarce believe it, and for my part I will not urge you thereunto: but in troth, look what I tell you it is for good will, because I have been sorry to see you so abused.

I thank you good Haunce, quoth she, I may believe it well enough, but henceforth I know what I have to do: I confess indeed that I have drank with him abroad, but it was at his own earnest entreaty, neither could I ever be at quiet for the Knave, he doth so follow me up and down in every place: but seeing I know his dissimulation to be such, if I do not requite him in his kind trust me no more: and now I am heartily sorry that I was so foolish as to follow him this day, at his appoinment: but seeing he hath served me thus, he shall not know of my coming out of doors, and therefore good Haunce do not tell him you met me this day in the Fields.

Now in faith Florence (quoth he) I will not only be secret to thee, but will also from henceforth acquaint thee with all his proceedings. And having eat their Cream, Haunce brought her some part of the way homewards; and taking his leave of her, he went back to see if he could meet with John the Frenchman, who having staid at Islington for Florence until almost night, and she not coming, he and the Musitians together were fain to eat up the Meat without more company, which caused John the Frenchman to swear like a Turk.

And as he was coming homeward over the Fields, chafing and fretting to himself, who should he meet withal but Haunce the Dutchman, who said to him: what John, who thought to meet you here? Here thou seest I am now, said John; but when came

you

you from home? Marry but even now, quoth Haunce. And who is at home, said John, The other answered, there was no body but their Mistris, and the Maid Florence, with the rest of the Houshold. Is *Florence* at home, quoth John? the Devil take her for me, she hath made a right fool of me indeed. How so (quoth Haunce?) Then the other in a great chafe said: Be Got shall be revenged, Florence make on me too mush, too mush, she make me believe she love me, and methink so too; and be Got she make me a Jack fool. When Haunce heard him say so, he said; Alas good John, she love thee! if you think so you are greatly deceived, for she is the scoffingest Quean in London, and I have heard her behind your back to mock and flout you, saying: Doth shitten John think that I will marry him, in faith Sir no. When the Frenchman heard this, he stampt like a mad man, and bit his Thumb, saying: Mordue me shall be revenged be Got: shitten John, call a shitten John, hea: A deput in corroyn, a me shant, shitten John, no better name but shitten John? It is as I tell you, quoth Haunce: and moreover she said she scorned to come after you to Islington, saying, she would see you hanged first. Well, be no matter, she no love me, me no love she; but me shall go home, me shall, and beat her like a Stock-Fish. Nay, do not so, (faith Haunce) but let her alone, for it is no credit for you to beat a woman, and besides that, if you should, our Master would turn you out of doors, therefore be quiet a while, and be secret in that I have told you, then shall you see how he useth you.

In this humour they departed, at what time John full of melancholly stood frowning by the Fires side, and as the Maid went up and down the House about her business, he still looks upon her as fierce as a Panther: but she, by reason of the Dutch-mans tale to her, shews her self as scornful as he was churlish, and not once cast her eye toward him; and thus they drove on the time for a sennight or fortnight.

CHAP. XIII.

How Master Eyre was called upon to be Sheriff of London, and how he held his Place with worship.

IN this space Master Eyre, following his business, had sold so much of his Merchandize as paid the Grecian his whole Money, and yet had resting to himself three times as much as he had sold, wherefore he trusted some of it to one Alderman, and some to another, and a great deal amongst substantial Merchants: and for some had much ready money, which he imployed in divers Merchandizes, and became Adventurer at Sea, having by Gods blessing many prosperous Voyages, so that his Riches daily increased.

It chanced upon a time, that being in his study casting up his Accounts, he found himself to be clearly worth twelve or thirteen thousand pounds: which he finding to be so, called his Wife to him, and said.

The last day I did cast up my Accounts, and I find that Almighty God of his goodness hath lent me Thirteen Thousand Pounds, to maintain us in our old age, for which his gracious goodness towards us, let us with whole Hearts give his glorious Majesty eternal praise, and therewithal pray unto him, that we may so dispose thereof, as may be to his Honour, and the comfort of his poor Members on Earth, and above our Neighbours we may not be puffed up with Pride, that while we think on our Wealth, we forget God that sent it us; for it hath been an old Saying of a Wise man: That abundance groweth from Riches, and disdain out of abundance: Of which God give us grace to take heed, and grant us a contented mind.

So soon as he had spoken this, he heard one hastily knocking at the Door, whereupon he sent Florence to see who it was; the Maiden coming again, told her Master it was one of my Lord Mayors Officers that would speak with him. The Officer being permitted to come in, after due reverence he said: Sir, It hath pleased my Lord Mayor, with the Worshipful Aldermen his Brethren; with the Council of the whole Commonalty of the Honourable City, to chuse your Worship Sheriff of London this day, and have sent me to desire you to come and certifie your mind therein, whether you be contented to hold the place or no.

Master Eyer hearing this, answered: He would come to his Honour and their Worships incontinent, and resolve them what he was minded to do: and so the Officer departed.

His Wife (which all this while listned to their talk) hearing how the case stood with a joyful countenance meeting her Husband, taking him about the Neck, with a loving kiss, said: Master Sheriff, God send thee joy of thy Name and place. O Wife (quoth he) my Person is far unworthy of that Place, and the Name far exceeds my degree.

What content your self good Husband (quoth she) and disable not your self in such sort, but be thankful to God for what you have, and do not spurn at such promotion as God sendeth you: the Lord be praised for it, you have enough to discharge the Place whereunto you are called with Credit; and wherefore sendeth God goods, but therewithal to do him and your Country service? Woman (quoth he) soft Fire makes sweet Malt; for such as take things in hand rashly, repent it suddenly; to be Sheriff of London is no little cost: Consider first (quoth he) what House I ought to have, and what costly ornaments belong thereunto; as Hangings of Tapestry, Cloath of Arras, and other such like, what store of Plate and Goblets of Gold, what costly Attire, and what a chargeable Train; and that which is most of all, how greatly I stand charged beside to our Soveraign Lord the King, for answering of such prisoners as shall be committed to my Custody, with a hundred matters of such Importance, which are to such an Office belonging.

Good Lord Husband (quoth she) what need all these Repetitions? you need not tell me it is a matter of great charge: notwithstanding, I verily think many heretofore have with great credit discharged the Place, whose wealth hath not in any sort been answerable to your Riches, and whose wits have been as mean as your own: Trul Sir, shall I be plain? I know not of any thing that is to be spoken of that you want to perform it, but only your good will, and to lack good will to do your King and Country good, were a sign of an unworthy Subject, which I hope you will never be.

Well Wife (said her Husband) thou hast held me here with prittle prattle, whi the time passeth on, it is high time I were gon to Guild-Hall, I do, but I shall appear t

unmannerly, in causing my Lord Mayor and the rest to stay my leisure. And he having made himself ready, meet to go before such an Assembly as he went unto, he went out of doors, at what time his Wife called after him, saying, and holding up her finger:

Husband, remember, you know what I have said: take heed you dissemble not with God and the World, look to it Husband: Go get you in (quoth he) about your business. And so away he went.

So soon as he was gone out of sight, his Wife sent one of his men after him, to Guild-Hall, to hearken and hear whether he held his place or no; and if he do, bring me word with all possible speed.

I will Mistris, quoth her man.

Now when Mr. Eyer came to Guild-Hall, the Lord Mayor and his Brethren bad him heartily welcome, saying: Sir, the Commonalty of the City having a good opinion of you, have chosen you for one of the Sheriffs for this year, not doubting but to find you a fit man for the place.

My good Lord, quoth he, I humbly thank the City for their courtesie and kindness, and would to God my Wealth were answerable to my good will, and my ability were able to bear it; but I find my self insufficient: I most humbly desire a years respite more, and pardon for this present.

At these words, a grave Commoner of the City standing up, with due reverence spake thus unto the Mayor: My good Lord, this is but a slender excuse for Mr. Eyer to make, for I have often heard him say, and so have divers others also; that he hath a Table in his House, whereon he breaks his Fast every day, that he will not give for a thousand pound: wherefore (under your Lordships correction) in my simple judgment, I think he that is able to spare a thousand pounds in such a dead Commodity, is very sufficient to be Sheriff of London. See you now, quoth my Lord, I muse Mr. Eyer, that you would have so lame an excuse before us, as to make exception at your own Wealth, which is apparently proved sufficient: you must know Mr. Eyer, that the Commons of London have searching Eyes, and seldom they are deceived in their opinion, and therefore look what is done, you must stand to it.

I beseech you my Lord, quoth Mr. Eyer, give me leave to speak one word: let it be granted, that I will not give my Table whereon I break my fast, for a thousand pounds, that is no consequence to prove it is worth so much, my fancy to the thing is all; for doubtless no man here would give me a thousand shillings for it when they see it. All is one for that, quoth my Lord Mayor, yet I dare give you as much wine as you will spend this year in your Shrivalty, to let me have it: My good Lord, quoth he, on that condition I will hold my Place, and rest no longer troublesome to this Company. You must hold, said my Lord, without any condition or exceptions at all in this matter: And so they ended.

The Assembly being then broken up, the Noise went, Mr. Eyer is Sheriff, Mr. Eyer is Sheriff. Whereupon the fellow that Mistris Eyer sent to observe how things framed, ran in all hast, and with leaping and rejoycing, said: Mistris, God give you joy, for you are now a Gentlewoman. What, quoth she, tell me Sir sawce, is thy Master Sheriff or no? and doth he hold his place? Yea Mistris; he holds his place now, as fast as the Stirrup doth the Strooe while we sow it: Why then, quoth she, I have my hearts desire, and that I so long looked for. And so away she went.

Within a while after came her husband, and with him one of the Aldermen and a couple of Wealthy Commoners, one of them was he that gave such great com-

mendation of his Table; and coming to his door, he ſaid: You are welcome home good Maſter Sheriff. Nay, I pray you come in and drink with me before you go.

Then ſaid he, Wife, bring me forth the Paſty of Veniſon, and ſet me here my little Table, that theſe Gentlemen may eat a bit with me before they go. His Wife which had been often uſed to this term, excuſed the matter, ſaying: The little Table I good Lord Husband, I do wonder what you will do with the little Table now, knowing that it is uſed already: I pray you good Husband content your ſelf, and ſit at the great Table this once. Then ſhe whiſpered him in the ear, ſaying: What man, ſhall we ſhame our ſelves? what ſhame, quoth he? tell not me of ſhame, but do thou as thou art bidden: for we are three or four of us, then what do we trouble the great Table: Truly (anſwered ſhe) the little table is not ready now, good Husband let it alone.

Truſt me, we are troubleſome Gueſts (ſaid the Alderman) but yet we would fain ſee your little Table, becauſe it is ſaid to be of ſuch a price. Yea; and it is my mind you ſhall, quoth Maſter Eyer, therefore he called his Wife again, ſaying: Good Wife diſpatch, and prepare the little Table, for theſe Gentlemen would fain have a view of it.

Whereupon his Wife ſeeing him ſo earneſt, according to her wonted manner, came in, and ſetting her ſelf down on a low ſtool, laid a fair Napkin over her Knees, and ſet the Platter with the Paſty of Veniſon thereupon; and preſently a chair was brought for Maſter Alderman, and a couple of low ſtools for the two Commoners, which they beholding, with a ſuddain and hearty Laughter, ſaid: Why Maſter Sheriff, is this the Table you held ſo dear? Yes truly, quoth he: Now verily (quoth they) you herein have utterly deceived our expectation. Even ſo did you mine (quoth he) in making me Sheriff: but you are all right welcome: and I tell you true, had I not thought wondrous well of you, you had not ſeen my Table now. And I think did my Lord Mayor ſee it as you do, he would repent his bargain ſo haſtily made. Notwithſtanding, I account my Table never the worſe: Nor have you any cauſe, quoth they. And ſo after much pleaſant talk they departed, ſpreading the fame of Maſter Sheriffs Table over the whole City.

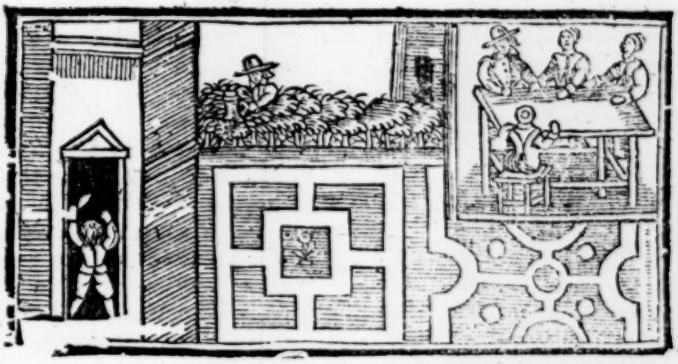
But you muſt now imagine that a thouſand cares cumbred the Sheriff, in providing all things neceſſary to his Office: at what time he put off his Shoomakers Shop to one of his Men; and ſet up at the ſame time the ſign of the Black Swan, ſwimming upon the Sea, in remembrance of that Ship that firſt did bring him his Wealth: and before that time the ſign of the Black Swan was never ſeen or known in any place in or about the City of London.

CHAP. XIV.

How Laurce having circumvented John the Frenchman's love, was by him and others finely deceived at the Garden.

NOw at that time John the Frenchman and fair Florence were both at variance, as you heard before by the Dutchman's dealing, by which ſubtilty he ſought means to win favour for himſelf, which John the Frenchman perceived, and therefore went about not only to prevent him, but to take revenge on him for his deceitfulneſs: and meeting Florence, as ſhe went into the Garden for Flowers, he began to talk thus unto her;

What



What Florence, you go to the Garden: And how then, quoth ſhe, what have you to ſay to that? Me ſea nothing, but you be diſcontent: you no ſpeak a me; you no look a me; nor you no drink wid me, nor noting: ah Florence, how chance dat?

Go get thee hence pratling fool, quoth ſhe, I drink with thee, thou ſhall be Py-peckt, firſt. *Py*-peckt! what be Py-peckt? a hea; be Got Florence, you make me a Jacknape, you mock a me, and call me ſhitten John; and you be ſo proud becauſe Haunce love you, dat ſhall be marvel; but and if you call me ſhitten John any more, on my fay ſhall not put up, ſhall not take at your hands.

Who told you that I called you ſhitten John (quoth Florence) I never called you ſo. No Florence, you no call me a ſhitten John, alſo me ſhant Villain, pulrad Haunce tell a me ſo. I never ſaid ſo, quoth Florence: but Haunce told me that you make your boaſt that I was at a beck of your finger; and that you could make me follow you up and down the whole City for a pint of Wine: no I would you ſhould well underſtand, I will not follow a better man than you. O, my ſet Florence, me never ſaid ſo. No; yes (quoth ſhe) but you did, I can tell you by a good token, for that very time that I ſhould have met you at Iſlington, you ſaid it, and made me a Fool to come over the fields to you; and when all came to all, you ſent Haunce to tell that you were gone there-hence long ago.

Abcet token Haunce, quoth John, be des ten bon, 'tis true, for me tarry dere more den one, two tree hour, and had provide ſhapon, de rabit, de cream, de pudding-pye, and twenty dings more: VVell however it was, I am ſure I was made an Aſs betwixt you, and for that cauſe I will beware how I ſhew kindneſs again to any: therefore John I pray you be gone, and ſeek ſome other company, for you ſhall not go with me. No, ſaid John, will den a lieu Florence; and ſo they departed.

Now it is to be underſtood, that Haunce had promiſed Florence to meet her in the Garden, and to bring with him a bottle of Wine, and there in the preſence of a Maid or two more, to make themſelves ſure together; and ſhe for that purpoſe had carried with her the corner of a Veniſon Paſty. But there was an Engliſh Journey-man in the houſe, called Nicholas, that underſtood thereof, who meeting with John the Frenchman, he made him privy thereunto, ſaying: truſt me John, if thou wilt be ruled by me, we will not only diſappoint this match, but alſo with their good chear make our ſelves merry. John, who was glad and ready to do the Dutchman an injury, conſented to follow Nicholas his Counſel in any thing.

Then, quoth Nicholas, it shall be thus: I will go to the Garden, and stay for Haunce his coming with the Wine and in the mean space do thou hide thy self under one of the hedges of the Garden on the other side, and with thee take a couple of Pots, and let the one be empty, and the other filled with water; and when Haunce is come into the Garden with his bottle of Wine (now he will not let me see it by his good will, notwithstanding) I'le observe where he doth set it down, and then I will find the means (while they are busie in toying and talking) to convey the Bottle of Wine through the hedge to thee, and likewise the Venison: then emptying the bottle, thou shalt fill it with water, and thrusting it through the hedge again, it shall be set where it was first found: which being done, thou shalt hastily rap at the door, at what time they shall be told that it is our Master or Mistris: which they hearing, will be in such a maze, that on a suddain they will not know which way to turn themselves, especially for the conveying away of Haunce: Now when you have knockt twice or thrice, and that you hear no body come to the door, get you away, and stay for me at the Rose at Barking, and there we will drink up their Wine and eat up their Venison: and this being done, we will laugh them to scorn.

Truly Nicholas, quoth John the Frenchman, this will be brave: and thereupon they prepared themselves to do the feat. Nicholas therefore got him into the Garden, and by and by after comes Haunce with the bottle of Wine, who knocking at the Garden door, was soon let in, but seeing Nicholas there, he secretly set his bottle in a corner, but Nick, who had as searching Eyes as Argus in his business, quickly did as before he had determined: and instead of Wine, set the Bottle down again, where he had found it full of water.

Then comes John and lustily knocks at the door: there is our Master and Mistris, (quoth Nicholas) alas, quoth she, get you over the Hedge. Shall I open the door, quoth Nick? O no, said Florence, not yet good Nick. With that he knockt more haltily: Anon anon, quoth he: Hence Haunce: go to the door Nick. who is there quoth he? and with that opening the door, he found just no body. Truly Florence, said he, they are gone whosoever they were. God be with you, I can stay no longer.

When he was departed, the Maids wished that Haunce had been there again. Alas poor fellow, quoth they, he is gone and left the bottle behind him? Marry I am glad that it is no worse, quoth Florence: and now that the Wine is here, we will drink it for his sake, and I have here a morsel of Venison, that will give it a good relish: And therewithal looking for it she found the cloth, but the meat was gone. Now a vengeance on it (quoth she) one scurvy Cur or other hath got into the Garden and took away the meat.

O God, what ill luck is that (quoth the maid) a murren on that Cur that got it: but seeing it is gone, farewel it. Well said Florence, here is the Wine yet; I know it is excellent good, for he told me he would bring a bottle of the best Rhenish Wine that could be bought in London, and I am certain he is as good as his word: But believe me Jone, he is kind hearted, and as loving a fellow as ever professed Love to any. I assure you that here is a cup of Wine that the King may drink thereof: but how shall we do for a glass? wee'l drink it out of the bottle, said Jone. Not so, quoth Florence, I do love to see what I drink, and therefore I'le borrow a glass at the next house. And while she goes for a glass, said Jone to her self, I'le have a taste of it before she returns again: then setting her hand to the bottle, and the bottle unto her mouth, she drank a good draught, and finding it to be something thin in going down, she said to Bess that sate by, Credit me now, but for the name of Wine, I have drank as good Water.

In

It is Rheniſh Wine, quoth Beſs, and that is never ſtrong. It may be made of Rain well enough (quoth Jone.) At which words Florence entred with a glaſs, and pouring it out into a glaſs, ſhe extoll'd the colour, ſaying; ſee what a brave colour it hath? it is as clear, I do aſſure you, as Rock Water: and therewithal drinking it off, ſhe ſaid, it drinks very dead of a truth, quoth ſhe: this is but bad Wine, it is even as dead as a Door Nail: And ſo filling the glaſs again, ſhe gave it unto Beſs; ſhe taſting thereof, ſaid; Paſſion of me, this is plain Water: Water, ſaid Jone, is it Water? Let me taſt it once again, by my Maiden-head it is Water indeed (quoth ſhe) Water, ſaid Florence, you have plaid the Drabs in drinking out the Wine, and filling the Pottle again with Water, of my Faith (quoth Jone) you ſay not true in ſo ſaying: I would you to underſtand, we played not the Drabs in any ſuch ſort, but Haunce rather played the Knave, that brought us water inſtead of Wine. Nay, quoth Florence, I dare ſwear for him, that he would not ſerve you ſo, for all the Wealth my Maſter is worth: and I am perſwaded that it was nobody but your ſelves that did it: but in faith, you might have dealt ſo with another, and not with me. Nay then (quoth they) you need not ſerve us ſo, to cauſe us to drink Water inſtead of Wine: and we would you ſhould think, that although you be Maſter Sheriffs Maid, we do love our Mouths as well as you do yours for your life, and it was but a homely recompence for our good will; I tell you true, neither do we care how little we come to be thus deluded. Go to, go to, ſaid Florence, you are like to Penelope's Puppy, that doth bite and whine: I know you well enough. Know us (quoth Joan) what do you know by us? We defie you for any thing you can ſay by us. Know us, Nay, it were well if thou didſt know thy ſelf: and heareſt thou, though thou haſt thy companions to meet thee at thy pleaſure, and we have not: no, know us: we are known to be as honeſt as thou art, or elſe we ſhould be ſorry. And ſo they reparted in a chafe.

Now John the Frenchman and Nicholas having eaten the Venſon, and drunk up the Wine, came back again time enough to hear all this ſtrife, whereat they greatly rejoyced: but ſo ſoon as Florence did meet with Haunce again, ſhe kept no ſmall ſtir for mocking her with a bottle of Water, about the which they fell at variances, in ſuch ſort that they were not friends for a long time after.

But during the time that Haunce was out of favour, Nicholas ſought the Maids friendſhip by all the means he might, but in vain was his pains ſpent therein; for although Florence outwardly ſeemed much diſpleaſed, yet Haunce had her heart ſtill, and in proceſs of time obtained great favour, the matter was grown ſo forward that the performance of their Marriage was forthwith appointed, which they intended ſhould be celebrated at the Abby of Grace on Tower-Hill. Notwithſtanding this matter was not kept ſo cloſe, but that their ſecret dealings were known, and Nicholas purpoſing to deceive the Dutchman, made John the Frenchman privy thereunto: ſaying: John, it is ſo, that this night at midnight Maſs Florence and Haunce do intend ſecretly to be married, and they have appointed the Fryer to do it as ſoon as the Tapers are all put out, becauſe they will not be ſeen of any: therefore John, if now you will be my friend, I doubt not but to marry her my ſelf, and ſo to give the Dutchman the ſlampam, and bore him through the Noſe with a Cuſhion. Ha! (quoth John) be Got me ſhall do as you ſea: and therefore Nicholas tell me what you do: Marry John (quoth he) you know the Dutchman loveth to drink well, and by that he loveth, we'l cauſe him to loſe his Love: for we will get him out to the Tavern, and there cauſe him to be diſguiſed, that he ſhall be neither able to ſtand nor go. John the

Frenchman

Frenchman hearing this, ſcratching his head, and rubbing his elbow, ſaid: Maſoy Nicholas, dis be define tricks, how ſhall we get him forth a doors? excellent well, quoth Nicholas, for there is a new Journeyman come to town with St. Hugh's bones at his back, and you know that he being of the Gentle-Craft, muſt go to give him his welcome; and I will tell Haunce thereof, who being very jocund, by reaſon that his Marriage is ſo near, will not deny to come I know: therefore you and the ſtrange Journey-man ſhall go before to the Tavern, and then I will go fetch him. Abeene, content, content, ſaid John.

And ſo to the Tavern he haſted with the ſtrange man. Anon comes Nicholas and Haunce, and with them two or three Journey-men more, and all to the new Journeyman: ſitting down they got Haunce in the midſt, called for Wine luſtily, and ſuch varieties, as the Dutchman was ſoon ſent packing; for every one ſought to over-charge him; and being himſelf of a good kind to take his Liquor, ſpared not to pledge every man. At what time, in the midſt of his Cups, being well whitled, his Tongue ran at randome (as Wine is the bewrayer of Secrets) ſo it proved by him, for there he opened to his companions all his mind, ſaying; my hearts for all I ſit here, I muſt be a married man e're the Morning. God give you joy (quoth they) but who ſhall you marry (ſaid Nick.) Florence? Yea Florence, ſaid the Dutchman, that is the Laſs that I do love, and all the world cannot deceive me of her now, I am the man that muſt have her Maidenhead, and this night we muſt be married at the Abby of Grace, and if you be good Fellows go with me to Church; will you go with me? we will gad wid thee (ſaid John the Frenchman) that we will. O John (ſaid Haunce) I have wiped your Noſe and Nick's too, you muſt wear the Willow Garland. Well, what Remedy (quoth they) it is the better for you: but in faith Haunce, ſeeing it is ſo, (quoth Nick) we'l have one pottle of VVine more, that we may drink to the health of your Bride. I'le pledge her if it be a Gallon (quoth Haunce.) By my fet and troth (ſaid John) we'l have a Gallon; hea Drawer, where be you? I pray you bring me a gallon of de beſt Claret, and a gallon of de beſt Sack; ſhall make merry I fet: what! Florence be marry and I no know. But by this time that this Wine was drank, Haunce was laid up for walking any more that night. When Nick perceived that, he ſtole ſuddenly out of the Tavern, and went to meet Florence at the appointed place: but John quickly miſſing him, knew ſtraight whereabout he went, and got him preſently to the Conſtable of the Poſtern-Gate, and told him that Nick had laid a Man for dead in Tower-Street, and that he was gone to ſave himſelf under the priviledge of the Abby of Grace: But (quoth he) if you will go along, I ſhall bring him out with fair words unto you, and then I deſire you to clap him up to anſwer this matter in the morning. But where dwell you, ſaid the Conſtable? I do dwell with Maſter Alderman Eyer (quoth John) and there you may have me at all times. The Conſtable did as John bade him, and committed Nicholas to Priſon. In the mean ſpace Florence and an old woman of Tower-ſtreet ſaid, they did go to a VVomans labour; and by that means they paſſed along by the Watch, and to the Abby of Grace they came: they had not long been there, but that John the Frenchman meeting them, ſaid: Florence, VVell met, here is a fit place to finiſh that I have long looked for: John (quoth ſhe) thou art like an evil Spirit, that muſt be conjured out, before a body ſhall get any quietneſs: urge not me upon any ſuch matters, for you be not the man I look for: and therefore taking as little pleaſure in your preſence, as of your proffers, I would be very glad to ſee your back. What (ſaid John) have you no compaſſion on a poor man, you are hard-hearted indeed. But as he was uttering theſe ſpeeches, it was his deliver chance to hear his Tongue, being newly come from the Barge at Billings-gate

ar

and at that time going towards St. Katherines to ſee if ſhe could meet with ſome of her Country-folks that could tell her any tydings of her Husband; but as I ſaid, hearing his tongue, and knowing him by his ſpeech, ſhe ſaid: What John Denvale! my Husband, John Denvale, what make you wed pretty wench, hea? At theſe words John was ſtrucken into ſuch a dump, that he wiſt not what to ſay: notwithſtanding, hearing Florence to aſk if ſhe was his wife, he anſwered, and ſaid, Yea, O thou diſſembling fellow! quoth ſhe, is it even ſo? didſt thou not ſay thou waſt a Batchellor; ſeeking to marry me, and haſt a wife alive? Now fie on thee; O good Lord! how was I bleſt to eſcape him! Nay, now I ſee that Haunce may have a wife in Flanders too, although he be here; and therefore by the grace of God, I will not marry a ſtranger, O, quoth John, I thought my wife had been dead, but ſeeing ſhe is alive, I will not loſe her for twenty thouſand Crowns. So Florence departed, and left John with his wife.

Now Haunce never waking until it was next day at noon, when he ſaw he had overſlept himſelf, being very ſorry, he went home, not knowing how to excuſe his folly to Florence, whom ſhe now utterly forſook, as well in regard of his drunkenneſs, as for that being a ſtranger, he might (like John the Frenchman) have another Wife living. But Nicholas (that all this while lay in Priſon) being brought before Alderman Eyer, rehearſed the truth, and craving pardon for his offence, was without any more ado delivered: And Florence being called before him, he made up the match between her and his Man Nicholas, marrying them out of his own Houſe with credit, giving them a good ſtock to begin the World withal: alſo for John the Frenchman did very much: and ſhewed him a good Maſter to his Man Haunce, and to all the reſt of his Servants.

CHAP. XV.

How Maſter Alderman Eyer was choſen Lord Mayor of London; and how he feaſted the Apprentices on Shrove-Tueſday.

WIthin a few years after, Alderman Eyer being choſen Lord Mayor of London, charging his Copy, he became one of the Worſhipful Company of Drapers, and for this year he kept a moſt bountiful Houſe. At this time it came into his mind what a promiſe once he made to the Prentices, being at breakfaſt with them at their going to the Conduit, ſpeaking to his Lady in this wiſe: Good Lord, quoth he, what a change have we had within theſe thirty years! and how greatly hath the Lord bleſſed us ſince that! bleſſed be his name for it,

I do remember when I was a young Prentice, what a match I did make upon a Shrove-tuesday morning, being at the Conduit among other of my Companions: trust me Wife, quoth he, it is worth the hearing, and I'le tell thee how it fell out.

After we had filled our Tankards with Water, there was some would needs have me set down my Tankard, and go with them to Breakfast (as many times before I had done) to which I consented, and it was to a breakfast of Pudding-Pies; I shall never forget it: but to make short, when the shot came to be paid, each one drew out his Money, but I had not one penny in my Purse, and credit I had none in the place; which when I beheld, being ashamed, I said; Well my Masters, do you give me my Breakfast this time, and in requital thereof, if ever I be Lord Mayor of London, I'le bestow a Breakfast on all the Prentices of the City. These were the words, little thinking (God wot) that ever it should come to pass: but such was the great goodness of our God, who setteth up the humble, and pulleth down the proud, to bring whom he pleaseth to the seat of Honour: for as the Scripture witnesseth, Promotion cometh neither from the East, nor from the West, but from him who is the giver of all good things, the mighty Lord of Heaven and Earth.

Wherefore Wife seeing God hath bestowed that upon me that I never looked for, it is reason that I should perform my promise, and being able now, I'le pay that which then I was not able to do: for I would not have men say, that I am like the Ebon-Tree, that neither bears leaves nor fruit. Wherefore Wife, seeing that Shrove-Tuesday is so near at hand, I will upon that day fulfil my promise which upon that day I made. Truly, my Lord, quoth she, I will be right willing thereunto. Then answered my *Lord*: As thou loveſt me, let them want neither Pudding-pies nor Pancakes; and look what o her good chear is to be had, I will refer all to your discretion.

Hereupon great provision was made for the Prentices Breakfast: and Shrove-Tuesday being come, the Lord Mayor sent word to the Aldermen, that in their several Wards they should signifie his mind to the Citizens, to crave their favours, that their Prentices might come to his House to Breakfast, and that for his sake they might play all day after.

Hereupon it was ordered, that upon the ringing of a Bell in every Parish, the Prentices should leave work, and shut up their Shops for that day; which being ever since yearly observed, is called the Pancake Bell. The Prentices being all assembled, my Lord Mayors House was not able to hold them, they were such a multitude: so that besides the great Hall, all the Gardens were set with Tables, and in the backside Tables were set, and every other place was also furnished, so that at length they were all placed: and while meat was brought in, to delight their Ears as well as to feed their Bodies, and to drown the noise of their prating, Drums and Trumpets were pleasantly sounded: that being ended, the Waits of the City, with divers other sorts of Musick, played also to beguile the time, and to put off all discontent.

After the first Service, were all the Tables plentifully furnished with pudding-pies and Pancakes in very plentiful manner; and the rest that remained was given to the Poor. Wine and Ale in a very great measure they had given, insomuch that they had no lack nor excess to cause them to be disordered. And in the midst of this their merriment, the Lord Mayor in his Scarlet Gown, and the Lady in like manner, went in amongst them, bidding them all heartily welcome, saying unto them: That his promise so long ago made, he hath at length performed. At that time they in token of thankfulness flung up their Caps, giving a great shout, and incontinently they all quietly departed.

The

Then after this Sir Simon Eyer builded Leaden-Hall, appointed that in the midſt thereof there ſhould be a Market-place every Munday for Leather; where the Shoomakers of London, for their more eaſe, might buy of the Tanners without ſeeking any further. And in the end this Worthy Man ended his Life in London with great Honour.

A new Love Sonnet.

Maid.

ALL hail ſweet youth, ſair Venus graft
Chief Maſter of the Gentle-Craft;
How comely ſeem'ſt thou in my ſight!
Like Phebus in the Heavens bright;
That never was in Cupids pound,
Or from his Shaft receiv'd a wound:
Thy mind with mirth it doth appear,
And ſo thy Love is free from grief & care.

Shoomaker.

Fair Maid you ſpeak no more but truth;
For why? the freedom of my youth
I value at too dear a rate,
To link my ſelf with any mate:
There is no comfort on the Earth
Compared to a free-born mirth:
When faireſt Beauties me o're-thwart,
I look the better to my heart.

When beautious Nymphs do me ſurprize,
I ſhut the Caſements of my eyes;
For he's a fond and fooliſh Elf,
That loves a Maid, loſing himſelf:
To fall in love is ſuch a thing,
From whence ſometimes does miſchief ſpring;
I wiſh well unto Women-kind,
But for to wed I have no mind.

Maid.

What if your Caſements chance to ope,
And give affection ſo much ſcope,
As to encounter with a Dame?
Why then methinks it were a ſhame
For you to love and not to ſpeak,
And by degrees the Ice to break;
But if you ſpeak, and ſo obtain,
Then have you found your Heart again.

It were a ſhame for maids to wooe,
But men may ſpeak, and ſo may you,
If that occaſion offend be,
God Cupids blind and cannot ſee,
But ſhoots at random here and there;
O therefore Edmund have a care,
At unawares you my be hit,
No Policy can hinder it.

But, O unhappy women-kind,
That toxicated are in mind,
And know not how to vent the ſame,
Without the loſs of our good name:
They count us bold i'now and than
We do but look upon a man;
And look we may, but dare not ſpeak,
Much leſs our mind unto them break.

Shoomaker.

Would I were worthy for to know
The cauſe of this your grief and woe;
For why, your words and looks declare,
Your mind is overcharg'd with care;
If that your Heart be fled away,
And it be taken for aſtray,
The man that hath it i'le perſwade
To take ſome pitty on a maid.

This Young man ſtruck this fair maid mute;
She wanted one to plead her ſuit:
Fain would ſhe ſpeak, but was afraid,
This is the caſe of many a maid:
He was the man whom ſhe lov'd beſt,
Her heart did lodge within his Breaſt,
Although to him it was unknown,
Until at laſt he loſt his own.

Cupid the god of Love came down,
And on this young-man caſt a frown;
He bent his bow, and ſent a dart,
That ſtruck the young-man to the heart.

And, cauſe the Maid ſhould win the prize,
He open'd the *Shoomakers* eyes,
So when her beauty he beheld,
He gladly yielded up the field.

With folded arms along he walkt,
And thus unto himſelf he talkt:
O what are we that vainly truſt
In our weak ſtrengths that are but duſt:
I durſt have ſworn no living wight,
Could move me from my chief delight,
But now I ſee and feel the ſmart,
Mine eyes too ſoon deceive my heart.

He that before was grown ſo ſtout,
And ſtrong enough to keep love out,
Is vanquiſht now, and made to yield,
And did both win and looſe the field:
He conquer'd her, to him unknown;
She conquer'd him, made him her own,
Thus Maids with men are dallying ſtill,
Till they have brought them to their will.

Alas, quoth he, how am I croſt!
Beholding her my ſelf I have loſt:
Now beauty is become a ſnare,
The which hath brought me to diſpair,
If ſhe no other man had lov'd,
I might have hope ſhe might be mov'd;
But ſhe another doth affect,
And I muſt dye without reſpect.

She noting of his paſſion then,
As Maids will do that love young men,
And finding the occaſion fit,
Mark here a wily wenches wit:
Delays prove dangerous ſhe knew,
And many maids have found it true;
Thus in her ſelf reſolv'd to ſpeak,
She unto him her mind did break.

Quoth ſhe, Young-man it is your lot,
The god of love hath laid a plot,
The Net is ſpread, the Bird is caught,
And I have found the thing I ſought,
Though Men are ſtrong and Women weak
Stout hearts will yield before they'l break,
And women ſometimes win the field,
When men are willing for to yield.

With that the Nymphs and Rural Swains,
Came ſtraightway tripping o're the plains
The Satyrs made them Pipes of reeds,
And brought in Muſick more than needs:
The Syrens ſung ſuch Songs of mirth,
That brought King *Obrion* from the earth:
The Faries with the Fairy King,
Did dance about them in a Ring.

Chorus.

All Health and happineſs betide,
The Shoomaker and his ſweet Bride;
Lo, thus we ſing, and thus we dance,
Till we have brought Love in a trance.
Thus pleaſures ſweet this couple Grace,
Both link'd together in a ſweet imbrace,
The neighbouring Hills and dales rebound,
With eccho of our pleaſant ſound.

Whilſt thus they ſung their Roundelays,
God *Cupid* crown'd their heads with bays,
The Bride look't like the Queen of *May*,
The Shoemaker led her away:
Where now they live in quiet peace,
And love doth more and more increaſe.
Thus love you ſee can find a way,
To make both men and maids obey.

How a Shooe-makers *Widdow fell in Love with her MAN.*

THeſe Three Years *John* I have been deep in Love,
And ne'r till now had time my mind to move;
Speak; canſt thou love me? though I am thy Dame,
I would not have thee daunted; fie for ſhame:
Old Proverb, *Spare to ſpeak, and ſpare to ſpeed*;
Thou want'ſt a Wife, and I a Husband need.

His Anſwer.

MIſtris, I am in Love as well, 'tis true,
But to ſpeak truth, in truth I love not you;
I have a Maid in chaſe, as ſweet a Laſs,
In my conceit, I think, as ever was:
Pray then forbear, it never ſhall be ſaid,
I took a Widdow, and forſook a Maid.

Reader, Obſerve what's written by the Poet,
Women and Maids love Men, tho' few do ſhow it.

FINIS.

This is the Firſt Part of the HISTORY of the
GENTLE-CRAFT.